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Why the Ritualists do not become Catholics.

WHATEVER may be the ultimate fate of the movement in the English Establishment which goes by the name of Ritualist, —whether it is to be stamped out by the Bishops, steadily supplying the vacancies in the churches which are now Ritualist by Low Churchmen, whether it is to be extinguished by the law courts, whether it is to end in the formation of a seceding body, independent of Anglican Bishops, or whatever else is to be its end—it will always remain a matter of history that it has attracted an amount of attention which might seem hardly to be justified by the intrinsic weight of the men who are its leaders, or the large number of their adherents. At this moment, the Ritualists have occasioned a most serious difficulty in the system of our law courts, and have managed to embroil the Queen's Bench with the Court of Arches and the Privy Council. They are constantly the subject of animadversion—not always very skilful or fair—in the two Houses of Parliament, and the literature of the day is full of them. Some months ago, a French writer, M. l'Abbé Martin, was allowed to insert in the *Contemporary Review* an article, called, *What hinders the Ritualists from becoming Catholics?* He has been answered twice over in the pages of the same Review, once by no less a person than Mr. Gladstone, and again, in the current number, by Dr. Littledale. We do not intend, in our present article, to go through the arguments, either of the French Abbé or of his two doughty opponents. But we think it may be at once useful and interesting, if we suggest a few thoughts on the controversy, without by any means pretending to exhaust it.

Both the adversaries of the Abbé are surprised, in their various degrees, at his apparent ignorance of many things which belong, more or less, to the subject of which he treats. It is indeed a rare thing to find a foreigner who can understand English things in general, and of all the incomprehensibilities of our native island there is nothing so incomprehensible as its

religion. Foreigners are naturally inclined to do us both more than justice and less than justice on this point. They are inclined sometimes to think that Englishmen are more religious than they are, sometimes to give us credit for less religion than we have. A stranger goes into a London church—we do not now speak of the churches in which there is so much of imitation of Catholic worship, but one attended by an ordinary English congregation—and it strikes him as wonderfully recollected and devout, when it is in truth nothing more than an assembly of people who are by nature sedate and quiet. If our French friend takes a journey on the Monday, after the Sunday on which he has been so much struck with the *recueillement* of an English congregation, he will find himself travelling perhaps for a hundred miles, with half a dozen people at close quarters, no two of whom address a word to one another. Then, again, foreigners take the immense benevolence and public spirit of philanthropy which distinguish us for active Christian charity based on the highest motives. But we need not go on in proving what is an acknowledged fact, and perhaps it will be more pleasant to dwell on the extent to which foreigners give the ordinary Englishman less credit than he deserves. They are sometimes inclined to look on all the Bible reading which goes on amongst us, and all the devotion to family prayers, the saying of grace, and the like, as marks of sectarianism. In the same way they put down our love for a quiet Sunday as simply a piece of false doctrine carried out into general practice, whereas there is quite as much natural reverence and piety about it as there is of Puritanism. But the great and almost universal mistake which foreigners make about Englishmen in matter of religion lies in their ready condemnation of the multitudinous inconsistencies and pieces of bad logic, which they cannot fail to observe, as if they were so many marks of dishonesty. It is perfectly true that the religious system of Englishmen in general, and, we may say, still more of Ritualists in particular, is full of gross bits of bad reasoning. Sometimes, as in the case of the school properly so called of the *Christian Year*, an attempt is practically, though not in theory, made to put sentiment in the place of reason and logic. Such people are not only illogical, but they glory in it as a mark of piety. Plain demonstration of the truth of anything at all is to them a thing to be looked on with suspicion, as possibly militating against the claims of some imagined dutifulness. Sometimes the great name of

Bishop Butler is drawn in to defend the position of people who do not like anything more than probability as to their ecclesiastical position. But it is generally a simple inability to grasp the importance of dogma, the duty of believing exactly what God commands us to believe, nothing less and nothing more, a belief that everything must be practically right if we are "good," and the like, which lies at the bottom of this national want of logic in matters of religion. Now the tendency of the foreign mind, perhaps especially the French mind, is to mathematical accuracy in all these matters. And thus foreigners are often inclined to give English people credit, or rather discredit, for the natural conclusions involved in the premisses on which they live and act. They are inclined to think that men who object to honour the Blessed Virgin, or to bow down in adoration before the Blessed Sacrament, cannot be believers in the Incarnation of the Son of God, the truth of which is practically guaranteed by the honour due to our Lady and to the Blessed Eucharist. And when they see people who, as they know, have signed the Thirty-Nine Articles, and abjured the doctrine of Transubstantiation and the Holy Sacrifice of the Altar, wearing vestments, celebrating High Mass, and the like, they are naturally inclined to seek for the reason of such extraordinary inconsistencies in some moral fault quite as much as in any intellectual deception. We do not therefore wonder at some of the plain things which the Abbé Martin has said about the motives which may be supposed to actuate them—especially the Ritualists—in their continued rebellion to the See of St. Peter, though for our own part, without judging individuals either as certainly honest or certainly dishonest—for the simple reason that we believe all such judgments to be beyond our province—we can see many facts, even in the intellectual sphere, which serve to account for the slow progress which England is making towards reunion with the Catholic Church. We shall use the articles to which we have referred as sources from which to derive illustrations of our arguments.

Both these writers speak of the old Protestant tradition of anti-Catholicism as having to a great degree died away. We do not think that either Catholics or their literary opponents are at all aware of the extent to which it still survives, in the form of great ignorance about Catholic matters, even those which are of the most elementary kind. We mean such things as these: What is faith? What is a dogma? What does the Church

mean when she defines a truth? What is the relation of reason to faith? and the like. On these points we take the liberty of saying that men like Mr. Gladstone are in as deep an ignorance with regard to truths that are practically familiar to the ordinary mass of Catholics, as the agricultural labourers in our English counties are with regard to the science of mechanics or the theory of the formation of the crust of the earth. Mr. Gladstone's essay is remarkable, as coming from him, for a certain number of statements which may seem to show that he has of late made some progress in the direction of a higher doctrine than he must have possessed when he wrote his tirades against the Vatican doctrines. He has discovered that the Reformation went too far in some respects, and he implies that he individually regrets some of the extravagant teaching about justification by faith, about Purgatory, about the Blessed Eucharist, about the all-sufficiency of the Bible, as issuing not simply in falsehoods, but in the stifling of some very necessary Christian instincts. So far as his moderation on these points indicates a readiness to consider others of the same kind, it is a good sign, especially as the devout persuasion as to the unapproachable perfection of the Anglican Establishment, with which he started on his career, seems altogether to have died away under the influence of experience and of his knowledge of mankind. He now talks almost scornfully of the "the Anglican Paddock." It is curious also to find one of the most fanatical of anti-Catholic writers that ever laid his thoughts before the public telling us that "we have also to this day a section of almost fanatical combatants against the Church of Rome, and everything in which they can trace a resemblance to it. But their productions are supposed to pass with unusual despatch into the waste-paper basket, and it may truly be said of that Church, that, in this country at least, she is even more happy in her extremest adversaries than in her friends'." This is a point on which Mr. Gladstone has certainly every right to speak with great authority. But we should have thought the remarkable phenomenon on this question was rather the utter futility of some late efforts to turn popular feeling into the channel, into which it flowed so readily at the time when Mr. Gladstone so gallantly, but so unsuccessfully, strove to resist the passing of the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill.

It is very curious indeed to note how Mr. Gladstone still retains what was so fatal a source of blunders to him when

he was attacking the Church—his conviction that he understands her. He can talk about the ignorance of thought and feeling among Englishmen, which the Abbé Martin displays. He can even say that he cannot profess to give much account of foreign Protestantism on account of want of knowledge. "While I speak of the Roman Catholic Church in Roman Catholic countries, on the other side I shall limit myself to English ground, for I do not find myself possessed of that acquaintance with the entire case, as it stands, in Protestant countries abroad, which is necessary to warrant the degree of pretension implied in the very act of making any contribution to a public discussion. The religion of each side I take where it is the prevalent religion." That is, Mr. Gladstone is too modest to speak as if he knew all about foreign Protestantism, but he is not too modest to speak in a similar way about foreign Catholicism. As to this, it is true that he does not make any such venturesome inroads on the domain of truth as his follower in the discussion, Dr. Littledale, but we cannot help saying that he displays an amount of ignorance of which he would be ashamed to be found guilty on any other subject whatever but that of the Catholic Church. He looks upon the publication, for instance, of an edition of Boccaccio with the leave of the Inquisition as a fact "that tells more than many a volume that might be written of the strong and impregnable position which had been taken by paganism at the very heart of the whole civilized and Christian world." Surely this is a very greatly exaggerated estimate of a very simple fact, that a comparatively harmless edition of a work which everybody would read was favoured by distinct patronage, in the hope of it superseding others. This is what we find so continually in Mr. Gladstone when he writes about religion—a want of sense of proportion and perspective, as well as great want of information as to details. How else are we to account for such a statement, for instance, as the following, that "nearly all the remarkable men of the Italian clergy for the last half century have been unable to hold their positions, or have fallen under the positive censures of the Church," and then that this statement is supported by the names of men so widely different in their calibre and in their careers, as Rosmini, Gioberti, Ventura, and Passaglia? We must speak a little more severely about the recklessness which tells the English public that "Montalembert is known and Gratry is suspected to have died in mental resistance to

the Council of the Vatican." This language, we say, is greatly to be complained of, on account of the effect which it may produce on an incautious reader. Mr. Gladstone knows that Montalembert died before the Vatican Council made its decrees—but this will not be remembered by the majority of his readers. Mr. Gladstone knows also that Montalembert, before he died, made a declaration, in answer to the question of a friend, that when the decision was made he should submit in the most simple and childlike way—and this, again, will not be in the knowledge of his readers, who will gather from him an altogether erroneous impression as to the loyalty of the distinguished French statesman to the Church. As to Père Gratry, the case, we believe, is much the same, though he, unless we are mistaken, was alive at the time of the definition. Anyhow, it is certain that at the very utmost these two distinguished men would have been among those whose allegiance to the Vatican decrees we have often considered as among the most glorious witnesses to the loyalty of the children of the Church. For we consider that that loyalty is as perfectly shown, although in a different way, by the submission of those who have thought a certain definition inopportune, as by the zeal with which others have worked to make that decision an accomplished fact. This is a very different thing from dying in mental disobedience to the Church, which may not be what Mr. Gladstone means to impute to Montalembert and Gratry, but which is certainly what most of his readers will think that he means to impute to them.

Mr. Gladstone's argument is rather a defence of Protestantism in general than an explanation of the particular phenomena of the Ritualistic resistance of the Church. His argument is of that inconclusive sort which might be answered or admitted without terminating the controversy. It is difficult to find out what is the standard of truth to Mr. Gladstone's mind, and therefore one might argue with him for ever without being any nearer to a solution of his difficulties. One of his most remarkable flounders is the point of infallibility, as to which he uses language which reminds us somewhat of Father Curci's ideas about the distinction between what is essential to the life of a Church and what is required for her healthy and robust existence. "There may be many," he tells us, "who believe in the perpetuity of the Christian faith, and Christian Society, or Church, and therefore in its preservation

in all necessary truth, and yet who, on the broad ground of rational interpretation of Scripture, would utterly deny or resolutely question, the assumption that either the Roman Pontiff or any organ or organs of the Church whatever, have a guaranteed immunity from error. And the life of the Church is one thing, its health and the perfection of its health, surely another." And then he rejects the answer that the Church cannot err, because immunity from error is essential to the perfect discharge of her duties, as an *à priori* doctrine, and involving a laying down rules of conduct for One Whose thoughts are not as our thoughts, nor His ways as our ways. Perhaps one might say that to judge of the truth of a system of religion as Mr. Gladstone would have us do, by the literature of Catholic countries and of Protestant countries respectively, and by other tests of that kind, may be a laying down rules of conduct to God just as much. But to return to his remark on immunity from error. The only possible force that it can have lies in the case of ambiguity of language from which so great a master ought to be free. Does he mean immunity from error as to conduct, or immunity from error as to the doctrine which the Church teaches? In the former sense of the words, the doctrine of infallibility is not touched. Infallibility refers to what Mr. Gladstone, in the beginning of the paragraph, speaks of as necessary truth. Now it is not *à priori* doctrine at all, but an inference that stares us in the face, one would think, from the most "rational interpretation" possible of Scripture, that the Church could not discharge her duties at all unless she were preserved from error against all necessary truth. It is her duty, more than anything else in the world, to teach this necessary truth. And that we should be secure that, when she professes to do this, we shall not be taught falsehood, is absolutely necessary, not for any ornamental perfection or beauty in the discharge of her duty as the teacher of the world, but for any discharge of that duty at all. We suppose Mr. Gladstone would not deny that the Church is to teach with authority, as inheriting our Lord's work and mission, and if this is acknowledged, who but herself is to lay down the distinction which is to limit her authority to this or that set of truths? Then, again, Mr. Gladstone flounders, if he will forgive us the word—we can find no better—into the hopeless confusion between infallibility and impeccability. Certainly no specimen of ignorance as to English thought or feeling which has been exhibited by the

Abbé Martin, or any other zealous foreigner, can equal the astounding bit of ignorance of one of the commonest elements in Christian theology, which is here shown by Mr. Gladstone. His paragraph begins with immunity from error as to necessary truth. After half a page, we find ourselves in the midst of an argument about the inerrability of a person, which is proved to be a demand which involves the *impeccability* of the person in whom it resides by this ingenious argument. "The conservation of all spiritual truth"—we are speaking in this discussion of the conservation of that truth which God has revealed and proposed to our faith—"is not a mere operation of the intellect. It requires the faultless action of the perceiving power of the spirit." Well, we have not got beyond the intelligence as yet. Has Mr. Gladstone ever heard of the fallen angels, and do not they "believe and tremble?" Then we come to a great leap, "*that is to say*, it requires the exclusion of sin. And the man or the body that is to be infallible must also be a sinless organ." Why so, any more than the man or the body that is to administer a sacrament? "I here deal, it will be observed, only with the argument *a priori*, which proclaims that infallibility must be true because it is necessary for the perfect maintenance of truth and exclusion of error. If this be true, there is something else that is necessary for infallibility. It is necessary that the tainting, blinding, distorting power of sin should be shut out from the spiritual eye of the Infallible Judge."

We are glad, in a certain sense to see Mr. Gladstone puzzling himself over a question of this sort. But we are convinced that when he comes to know what the Church means, he will not maintain the theory which he has put forward with so much of bewilderment. The Church claims infallibility chiefly, it may be said, on the ground of our Lord's promise that the gates of Hell shall not prevail against her. For nothing can be more like the prevalence of the gates of Hell than that the Church of Jesus Christ should authoritatively teach what is not true. She makes no claim to sinlessness in the person or persons who may be the organs of her teaching. She simply says, when the Pope, in his office of Universal Teacher, declares the truth of Revelation to the whole world, it would be to doubt the promises of God to suppose that he can be allowed to fall into error. We can understand people objecting to the idea that there is any authentic teacher of truth at all on earth. But to persons who believe that there is such a teacher, it seems

most unreasonable to imagine that that teacher would be allowed to teach falsehood in place of truth by the God of Truth. Nor can they understand how the Holy Ghost can be supposed to guide the Church into all truth, and to abide with her for ever, if her most authoritative teaching is to be liable to the admixture of falsehood. Nor can they understand how Christians can be bound by God to believe the witness of the Church unless He also secures her from teaching falsehood.

But our space is all but exhausted, before we have had time to touch more than a very few of the points which are raised by Mr. Gladstone's article. As we have hinted, it is difficult to know on what grounds we are to take him—whether he is a simple rationalist, or how far he believes in the authority of anything that he calls the Church. Some of his language about the Revolution, brought about by the Vatican definition, seems to imply that the whole idea of a teaching authority is rejected by him. He talks about everything being submitted to the test of reason, but it is quite an elementary truth that reason may bring us to the feet of an authority, which may then most reasonably teach us a great many things which we cannot understand, but which are not for that against reason. All that we can say is, that every Catholic knows that the Church is the same after the Vatican Council as she was before, that faith is the same, and reason the same, and the office of each the same. Mr. Gladstone is simply fighting against a bugbear of his own creation, very much to the amusement of those who live in the system which he professes to know all about.

As for the Ritualists, whom Mr. Gladstone has taken under the shelter of his Telamonian shield—rather, we think, against their will, and certainly without any great sympathy between the protector and the protected—we suspect that a good many of them are almost as much at sea as to points of theology as Mr. Gladstone himself. But the answer to the question which has been raised by the Abbé Martin is not very far to seek, without any necessity of inquiring how far personal and interested motives may weigh with this or that class among them. Every controversy admits of theological statement, and it is possible to bring any dissentient from the Catholic creed to the point at which he parts company from the children of the Church. Much as the Ritualists may resemble us in externals, it is clear that they part company from Catholics on the article of the creed which relates to the Church and her notes. Either

they deny the existence, in the present day, of the unity of the Church, or they explain that unity as something invisible. In this respect they are simply Protestants—that is, they prefer their own interpretation of the creed to that of the Living Church. As long as this error remains unradicated in their minds, there is no more reason why they should become Catholics than why they should become Mahometans. It is indeed a marvel to see men imitating Catholic ritual and professing to administer Catholic sacraments, who are yet so far from the Church. But the same thing has been done in our generation by the now fast dwindling sect which took its name from the late Mr. Irving. The feature about the Ritualists which is most unpleasant to contemplate, is their hostility to the Catholic Church—their spiritual tyranny over their followers, the extent to which they force from so many of those whom they prevail upon to put themselves under their guidance, pledges never to enter a Catholic church, or to read a Catholic book, or to speak to a Catholic priest. These are all marks of men who feel the insecurity of their own position, and who seek to supply for its lack of evidence by a despotism as ruthless as that of Calvin at Geneva. They are men of yesterday, and to-morrow they may not be. Such men should, at least, be modest in their exercise of spiritual authority.

A Long Day in Norway.

CHAPTER II.

TO THE ARCTIC REGIONS.

BEFORE we start from Bergen on our long voyage to the North Cape, it may be as well to call to mind the peculiar features of Norway and its position in Europe; for these it is that give a special interest to the journey and induce persons, like ourselves, who are not over-fond of the sea, to spend such an unusually long time on board ship. It may naturally be asked why people who generally hurry across the narrowest part of the Channel in express boats, deliberately give themselves up in Norway to a long coasting voyage in small trading steamers, which ply their fish and oil trade between petty ports, and thus consume two weeks in a voyage which ends at a barren cliff of no great altitude, and which must be worked backwards if they are to get either home again or to interesting places inland, far away from this extreme point, which ends in itself and leads nowhere.

The answer is, that nowhere else in Europe is such glorious coast scenery to be seen, and thus the pleasure is in the voyage itself, which is a complete tour, and not in the end especially; and moreover that nowhere else are there such extraordinary effects of light as here, where in summer the sun is ever above the horizon. Every one knows that Norway is surrounded by sea on the north, west, and south sides, while the extreme ends of its eastern side, where it is not joined on to Sweden, are also sea-locked. This line of coast, with its many windings, stretches for more than two thousand British miles, reckoning from the neighbourhood of its capital, Christiania, in its south-eastern extremity, to the returning line at the north-east of the celebrated North Cape. Along the western shore from Stavanger to the North Cape the scenery is the grandest and wildest, but yet mostly so protected by outlying islands that the voyage is

generally smooth and pleasant, and if occasional openings, where wide *fjorder* come to sea, bring the terrors of the deep to mind, it is known to be but a passing trouble which will make future calm the more enjoyable. But, as we have said, there is something more than the grand line of wild coast to charm, something which gives it an especial character beyond what sea and rocks in wildest combination can produce: and that is due to its extreme northern latitude, running as it does beyond the North Sea, across the arctic circle, and far into those mysterious regions whose ultimate point and centre of interest is the North Pole itself. So, as we should expect, the glacier forms a grand and most sublime feature in the scene; at times approaching the sea-shore and hanging its precipices high above the waters, and almost even forming the grand and sympathetic background to scenes of terrible desolation. But this again is intensified in effect by the light under which it is seen: the "long day" of months has its home in these arctic regions, and lights up for hours together, of sunset and sunrise linked into one glow of colour, scenes which under ordinary light would be wonderfully grand.

Here then are new combinations of mountain, sea, and glacier, under conditions of sky unknown to the rest of Europe; so the used-up traveller may look for new sensations in a new land, and under conditions of travelling which will excite his palled appetite, and kindle into fresh vigour the energies which over-luxurious travelling has enervated.

But we must return to our journal, and go aboard the *Jonas Lie*, and set sail for the North Cape on

Wednesday, July 10.—We went aboard on Tuesday night, because the vessel was to sail on Wednesday morning. But why not wait on shore at our comfortable hotel close at hand until the morning? may be reasonably asked; and the proper answer is, Because we are in Norway. Wednesday morning means immediately after midnight on Tuesday: perhaps about five minutes after twelve; and that is the general rule in sailing, and of course is one of the consequences of perpetual daylight. So we shall find that we come into port at any hour of the twenty-four, pick up our passengers, transact our business and off again, perhaps before one o'clock in the morning.

So we come on board about ten p.m. on Tuesday, and find the ship in disorder, and ourselves not expected; it seems we have come too early. However, we get our berths in the saloon, the

cabins being already occupied, and form part of a company of sixteen, who sleep as best they can upon the sofas and sofa backs; these latter being swung round from a vertical into a horizontal position and supported by suddenly developed legs which rest upon the frames of the sofa beds below. These upper and lower shelves, when duly blanketed and curtained into separate departments, turn out to be less uncomfortable than might be expected, and from the centre of the saloon have rather a pretty appearance in their bright red colours.

Bright red is the favourite colour; the national flag, the flowers and wreaths that adorn the hats of both sexes; everything, and so of course our blankets and curtains are of the popular hue. And so on Wednesday we begin our life on board ship, and having gone to bed in the very early morning, we might dream of sleeping on to a fair hour; but this, with all other dreams, is dispelled when we wake at five a.m. and are conscious of sleeping amid so large a company and having to be up in time for the servants to convert our dormitory into a refectory. So up we jump and hasten upstairs to find the sailors busy "swabbing the deck," an operation, however salutary, sufficiently uncomfortable for one who can find amid the bounteous supply of water which is flooding every part no dry spot on which to rest his slippered feet.

Our life on shipboard is a true community life. Meals as regular as clockwork, indeed much more regular here, for the working of the ship's clock is a marvel and a mystery. It goes well enough, but it is always wrong, and after awhile we quite look forward to seeing it set right at all times and seasons—set right, that is to say, by the *local* time of the place we happen to be near, but set wrong by our own watches, which prudent travellers object to work backwards and forwards in a way which would put out of order the best conducted watch, and equally out of temper the most amiable of owners.

Our three meals a day are as regular as such constant change of longitude will allow; and as the waters are smooth we have no misgivings as to the enjoyment of them. They are peculiar in character: partly English to suit our supposed tastes, and partly Norse, which is necessitated by the conditions of the larder. The breakfast-table is graced with a series of cheeses, which occupy the places of vases of flowers in the posts of honour; and if they are not as beautiful, they can at least rival them in the strength of their perfume. One cheese is indeed so

old and yet so strong, that it has to be shut up in a glass case to prevent it falling to pieces and destroying the flavour of everything else at table, and converting all into cheese. This is the celebrated *gamleost*, a really fine cheese, in flavour and appearance much like the richest part of an old Stilton. But the cheeses do not stand alone, being garnished with small plates containing thin slices of dried salmon, sausages of various colours, sizes, and materials, together with sardines and a villainous kind of moist, brackish sprat which the natives persist in calling anchovies.

Such is the appearance of the table at every meal: the permanent decorations they may be called—indeed, some speculations were hazarded as to whether some of these plates and their contents had not already made the voyage, and were now about to make it again, so dry and uninviting did they look. But this was the rash judgment of inexperience; and time showed that no sausage, however geological in its appearance, could escape the ravenous appetite which sea breezes and fine scenery combine to develope. Nor let it be thought that the latter ingredient in the combination is out of place: for depend upon it the appetite grows stronger and faster in bright weather and in magnificent scenery, sharing as it does and sympathizing too with the higher faculties, which grow keenest when they are most excited. And so perhaps it is a fortunate concurrence where ordinary food and extraordinary scenery come together, that one may derive from the other a relish which it has not in itself.

Of course these standing dishes do not stand alone, any more than the knives and forks which accompany them. Fish when it is to be had, and then fresh as fish can be, lobsters at certain favoured ports, and meat of course, but not in much variety. It may be laid down as a rule in Norway, that the meat will be veal. Sometimes it is called beef or mutton, but this generally for the sake of variety, but in most cases, call it what you will, it will be veal. This was long a mystery to us, which in truth has never been completely cleared up, viz., why in a land where animal food is so scarce, the young should be killed for food. Travelling inland subsequently showed us whole herds of calves wandering everywhere where cattle should not be, but scarcely ever in the fields which nature intended for them. The roadside was their grazing land, and the extremes of the population, the very young and the very old, seemed to

be set apart for this tendering and tethering of calves. The reason was obvious. The hay crop was everywhere very light and precious, and the cattle have to be kept out of the meadows that there might be any hay at all. The people cannot afford to give up their productive land, such as it is, for pasture; and so the calves have to be fed in this roadside fashion, and killed off while young for food, that they may not be in the way of the hay harvest. One regulation for breakfast and tea also puzzled us. There was of course no limit placed upon the eatables, which were in sufficient abundance, but the drinkables were measured out with a more cautious hand. A single cup of tea or of coffee was the allowance—a second might be had at an extra charge; but one was considered the proper thing. Evidently the idea was foreign, and not English: the solitary cup was to crown the feast as a kind of liqueur; wine or beer was to be the substantial drink. The rule relaxed itself in time as our habits became known, and “the cup that cheers and not inebriates” multiplied itself by two or three, and superseded the stronger drinks at least at breakfast.

The Norwegian beer is excellent. Made at Christiania and at Honefos of Bavarian hops, it is true *Baierisch bier*. The coffee is also excellent; but the tea is wonderful for its weakness. Such “water bewitched” never did we see or taste before. It does not even assume a virtue which it has not, and look strong; no, it is at least honest, and as pale and tasteless as it is honest. Subsequently I questioned the excellent and amiable hostess at Honefos on the subject, and her explanation was, that the Norwegians liked their tea weak, but that she could and would make it as strong as we wished; and indeed she made it stronger, so that our nerves, having been brought down by pails of Norwegian tea to the native level, were nearly shattered by this sudden elevation of the strength.

But we are lingering too long over our breakfast-table, as indeed we were much inclined to do when we had grown more accustomed to the dawdling life of a coasting voyage. As to our fellow-passengers, we have nothing to say but that they contributed not a little to the enjoyment of the expedition; and being representatives of various nations, English, Scotch, Irish, American, Dutch, Swedish, Russian, and Norwegian, gave a cosmopolitan character to the somewhat monotonous life, and thus saved it from growing wearisome.

But let us not forget that all this while the *Jonas Lie* is

steaming on, and so we must go on deck and look about us. Our way is northward : at present almost due north ; in time it will curve to the east, but ever northward to the arctic regions and the land of constant day.

Our path is between the mainland on our right, and the outlying islands which protect us from the North Sea on the left. This outer ridge is generally low and without striking features. Strength is its characteristic, and all beauty, or nearly all, seems sacrificed to this necessity. But often our way lies up a *fjord*, and then both shores are grand in form and noble in feature. Strangely do these entrances curve and wind amid the mountain cliffs which surround them : at times the giants close in upon them, and we seem landlocked. More than once we speculate upon the lie of the passage through which we are to escape, and find it when we least expect it, round a corner by an abrupt turn. One such point is the Horne-len, a grand perpendicular cliff three thousand feet high, rising straight out of the sea, as smooth as a sword and seemingly as sharp when first we come upon it. We sail close under it, for it is perhaps as deep below as it is high above the calm waters. It faces us, and where is our way ? Close under and round it, we pass three of its black volcanic sides. Should a sudden blast come down the opposite mountains, where would the *Jonas Lie* be ? What could save it from the crushing power of this stationary iceberg ? As we pass slowly beneath it and look up its gigantic cliffs, what a tower of strength it seems to be, and what a frail bark are we depending upon. The sharp ridge widens as our point of view changes, but only to exhibit grander and nobler outlines. Truly the Horne-len is a mountain precipice not to be forgotten.

But if we are mere tourists, the *Jonas Lie* has a trade to carry on, and so we call at four stations during the day to discharge cargo, and at the third, Dalesund, delay for three hours unloading and taking in sundry barrels of merchandise. We are too lazy to go ashore, and nearly rise in mutiny at the delay of supper. If the truth must be told, the early dinner had not been done justice to ; a run across the entrance to the grand Nord Fjord had set our good ship rolling just at the wrong time, and some had been unsettled, and more discouraged, from eating.

Dalesund is a pleasant looking little fishing station, very codfishy, and yet bright and sweet, with an outer and inner

harbour, lofty cliffs jutting up anyhow and everywhere, houses built wherever space can be found to plant the fragile wooden structures. The place is very picturesque, and from the deck of our fine steamer—for such it seems with these miniature surroundings—which commands the place and nearly fills its tiny harbour, we sketch, criticize, laugh at, and enjoy Dalesund and its environs.

Molde we reach about two a.m., when we are on our shelf of a bed, and so we content ourselves with recognizing this fact in a stoppage, and still more by the screaming of a villainous apparatus which works by steam power the crane that tears up the heavy goods with a strain which brings them groaning to the deck, and then sends them howling overboard to the attendant lighters. Had we known what a scene of sublime beauty was this harbour of Molde, we should have been up at once, and not waited for the return voyage to make us acquainted with one of the most striking groups of snowy mountains which this west coast reveals.

Thursday, July 11.—Up at five, and have deck to ourselves for a time. The morning is gloomy, with light mists hanging half way up the distant ice-clad mountains and almost smothering the near foreground of low, rounded hills. Cold is it and somewhat rough, and by breakfast-time we are out in the open sea. The breakfast-table is not well attended, and some prudent people, who have cabins, stay in bed. It is well for those who are well, for grand scenery is coming in sight. The distant ice plains are appearing, not indeed for the first time, but now they are seen to be wider and more snowy than before. We are told that these are part of the Dovre Fjeld, which we are to “do” after our return from the North Cape. Very inviting do they appear; and seen from the sea are to us quite a new sensation. Of course they are but portions of a mighty whole, glimpses of a grandeur which lies beyond, for the cliffs which tower between us and them shut out and perhaps contain miles upon miles of the glacier land. As we glide slowly by them we seem to recognize familiar forms—Matterhorn, Eiger, and Jungfrau, seem to have left Switzerland and come down to the salt water on vacation.

Soon after breakfast we reach Christiansund. There is a pretty bay landlocked by four islands, upon which the town is built. Of course some one compared it to Venice, like as people will every place that stands with water about it. Yet is Venice

unique in its position and general features ; while Christiansund has no water street in it, unless the bay itself is to be considered such, about which some ferry-boats are working. It is picturesque indeed from the deck of our vessel, and were we content to view it from a distance it would leave a pleasant impression on the memory ; but we were foolish enough to land, and the illusion is dispelled.

The few streets are shopless, at least for any pleasant show : its bright face, in short, is turned to the waters in courteous greeting, and to take it in rear is of course to take it at a disadvantage. And yet it must have some kind of hidden life, for there is a theatre and an hotel ; while two little boys are engaged in the (to them) difficult task of sticking a poster on a dead wall, announcing that Ole Bull is to give a concert.

On again ; and once more between the mountains : and now the foreshore is at times less wild, and shows small verdant spots with substantial fishing-farmhouses in the midst of each, for the farming is evidently second in consideration to the fishing ; as well it may be, seeing how much more productive and fertile is the sea than the land. So the amphibious farmers have storehouses for codfish instead of granaries for corn, and indeed use the same apparatus of ropes stretched on poles for drying alike land and water crop. The cod season has now passed, and the light crop of grass is hanging up where the fish were before, and as we glide by, close as we please to the shore, the salt invigorating sea breeze is rendered balmy by the new-mown hay.

Each little territory is shut in by mountain walls, which yet serve to join it to its neighbour on either hand ; while the heights, of which these walls are the spurs, form a picturesque background to the long series of pleasant pictures. Thus on this wild Norse coast there is the softening influence of home-life, which tones down what otherwise would be too stern, and gives variety to scenery which would without it grow monotonous.

The sunset comes on, and the sky burns in deep crimson tints, which linger on and scarce "fade into twilight grey," before daylight comes to supersede it—and it is at this witching hour, which unites rather than divides sunset and sunrise, or the after light of one and that which heralds the other, that we steam into the ancient capital of Norway, St. Olaf's own Trondhjem, or Drontheim as it is commonly called in England. For we English have ever had a daring way of dealing with

foreign names, more perhaps in past days than now. It would be curious to inquire why this is so, and we throw out the suggestion for any one who is inclined to follow it up.

We have been sailing for some hours up the deep and broad Trondhjemsfjord, and at midnight come up to the city. It stands upon a broad sheet of water into which the river Nid empties itself. There is no natural harbour; indeed, there is no harbour at all, only a roadstead with a long breakwater, jetties, and a pier, up to which last we steer and soon are beside it. Some land at once and stroll along the pier, others, more venturesome, wander into the streets beyond, and have a look at the shops; for we seem to have imbibed some of the mercantile spirit of our trading vessel, and are ever on the look-out, not for fish, but for old silver and furs. The spirit of curiosity is gratified, but not that of barter. The shops, as is usual in Norway, are open and yet shut: that is to say, open as to the window show, for there are no shutters, but closed as to the doors, midnight being evidently considered in Trondhjem as a period of rest. So we found it to our cost when on the return visit at about the same hour, we could not deliver our letter to the local banker, who persisted in remaining in bed when we required his help, a local practice which we now follow, but at an early hour on

Friday, July 12.—A whole day in port, and of course much to be done. The morning is lowering, and before breakfast is over the rain comes on, and our substantial awning has a new use. The gigantic parasol becomes a universal umbrella, or in more correct Norse, the sunshade becomes a rainshade, for these simple people do not resort, as we do, to two languages to express the difference, and then blunder in selecting the two French and Italian words which mark no difference at all, but both mean, umbrella and parasol alike, a sunshade. The wet discourages some, who remain on board, but the more resolute prepare with macintoshes to explore the old city, and more especially its renowned Cathedral. Courage is rewarded; the rain lessens and at last ceases, leaving us a sunny and pleasant afternoon and evening, and that carries us in Norway very late indeed into the night.

The Cathedral is very interesting. It is now undergoing excellent restoration, and will, when completed, be once more a perfect gem of what we call Norman, Early English, and Decorated work. It suffered considerably by fire at different

times: the nave having become a ruin, with nothing but its external walls remaining. The nave and choir had been given up to desolation, and the transepts, cut off by solid walls east and west from both, were formed into a smaller church. The south transept has been fitted up with a Lutheran communion-table, behind which towers up, with really fine effect, a plaster cast of Thorwaldsen's gigantic figure of Christ. The north transept has a large gallery, and at the east side of the wall which cuts off the nave is a fine organ. The floor is filled with benches, with only a central passage leading south and north.

This fragment, thus converted into a Lutheran church, is beautiful in spite of the disfigurements. Its height, the richly decorated central piers and arches, the double clerestory which runs around it, are too grand in their dimensions and too elaborate in their details to be ruined by such mutilation, even when a flat roof cuts across the arches. But it is not until the nave and choir have been examined amid the difficulties which beset such explorations, in the midst of masons and carpenters fully occupied in what are now their workshops, that the whole design can be grasped and the success with which it has been carried out be appreciated. And even now many parts have to be built up in the mind's eye, as they are being literally restored by the careful architect, from fragments and mutilated remains. Much has been done, and wonderfully well done, in the choir; but important features yet remain to be renewed even there, while the nave is only just being taken in hand. The choir terminates in a beautiful octagon crown, in which once stood the shrine of St. Olaf. Three sides, with a central door, span the east end of the choir. It rises in three stages, all of elaborate open work, the lower of Early English and the upper Decorated. Round this octagon runs an ambulatory, with exquisite, quaint, and varied arcading. On its south side in a recess is the miraculous well of St. Olaf.

The wonderful variety of its decorations, the quaint figures, and strange mouldings, make it a complete museum of ancient work; and as the restorations are in the same material as the original work, a hard bluish grey stone, and have been copied most carefully from fragments that remain, there is nothing in the new work to mar the effect or diminish the value of the whole as an architectural study.

There is an aisle on each side of the choir. That on the

north has been literally cut in two by an enormous massive wall of plain stone, which runs its whole length and height—evidently a prop of gigantic dimensions, which tells its own tale and the rude ideas of those who raised it, let us hope under pressing emergency. In the south aisle is the utter ruin, the mere scattered fragments, of the celebrated "King's doorway;" but even this is being carefully rebuilt, an exact copy of all its ancient splendour.

The work in hand is shut in by a substantial wooden building, a kind of case or house which protects the work and workmen from the weather, and enables the restoration to proceed at all seasons, even in the depth of the Norwegian winter. Whether it is that the cost of the choir has frightened them, or that the nave is looked upon as the more useful part of the church for Lutheran worship, or that the utter destruction of the ancient roof, with the columns and arches which separated the aisles, made the restoration too much like a rebuilding—be this as it may, for some reason or other the nave is not being restored, but is being adapted in a very different spirit to the service for which it is to be given up. It is now roofed, and enormous wooden galleries run round its sides and close its west end. These ponderous erections stand on wooden posts which occupy the sites of the ancient columns of the aisles, and serve as those formerly did, to sustain the roof. The aisle windows are double lights, with circular lights in the arch of simple design, and without any of that really marvellous work which renders the choir and its crown so beautiful.

Anyhow the chief and holiest part is being well cared for, and in a few years the shrine and its sacred precincts will be as they were in better days. But what is the casket without the precious relics which it once contained, and which drew crowds of pilgrims to the shrine of St. Olaf? Those relics are not far to seek. It is a general tradition that they still repose in the church; but the exact spot is not known. Let us hope that no curious search will be made for them, and that nothing like those painful exhumations of which of late years there have been too many, will bring them to light until Norway and its grand Cathedral are ready to pay them the honour due. The missionary spirit which once went forth from this land has come back to it again from the very regions to which it was sent; and must we not pray for the day when the old faith will claim its own again? and then, and not till then, will the Norsemen

appreciate at its full value the material restoration they are so liberally carrying out in this grand Cathedral.

The afternoon is spent in a pleasant drive to the Lier Fos. This Norwegian word *fos*, as also two others, *fjord* and *ffjeld* (pronounced fee-ord, fee-eld), are in such constant use that nobody takes the trouble to translate them: indeed they may be said to have been adopted into our language and treated accordingly with that utter disregard of the original form for which we are remarkable. Thus we give them English plurals, and speak of fosses, fjords, and fjelds, ignoring the Norwegian rule which makes the letter *s* the symbol of the possessive case, and forms the plural by adding *r* or *er* to the singular number. It is curious to note how the words, when not thus taken bodily into our language, have been but slightly modified into an English form. *Fos*, a waterfall, is but little changed when we meet with it in the English lake districts under the familiar form of *force*. Stock Ghyll Force, for instance. *Fjord* again has its counterpart in our *ford*, and means the same thing, though, as we should expect, the Norse word implies the natural feature on a larger scale; and so what is with us a river easily crossed, means with them a long estuary, or what the Scotch call a frith; indeed the old English word *ford* means a river, which a *fjord* is. *Fjeld* is a high tableland, broader than a mountain, and more closely corresponding to the sierras of Spain than to anything we have; and so it may be considered a *field* of great elevation and wide extent. So the upshot of all this philological dissertation seems to be that a *fos* is a *force*, a *fjord* a *ford* (but not fordable), and a *ffjeld* a *field*.

All this while, let us suppose we are driving in a heavy carriage, with a good pair of Norwegian horses, to the Lier Fos. It is a pleasant drive through an undulating country, bright with hay crops and brighter still with the recent rain. If the country undulates, the road does the same thing on a smaller and yet larger scale; smaller, that is, in its confined width, but larger in its more abrupt descents and uprising. Very primitive are these roads, no engineering in curves round hills, but only in making the ascent possible and the descent safe by cross planking at the steepest parts. And as for the side walks, they are a foot below the level of the road, and differ from it also in not having boards for a foundation. It is a land of timber, and so it paves its roads with planks. The rule for driving is simple, if original—the steeper the hill, the faster the horses go down, and as

skids are unknown, the rush downwards gives the heavy carriage a momentum which carries it far up the next ascent, in the fashion of the old "Russian mountains."

The houses in the city are said to be of stone—people even in Norway at times get tired of rebuilding the frequently burnt down wooden houses; but in the country the old fashion prevails. The wooden houses are gorgeous, if not chaste in their colouring. Red ochre is the house, while windows and frames and the corners are a bright white. At some places (especially on the sea-shore, which is also the mountain-side), the fish stores are roofed with felt, which is coated with turf, on which the grass grows freely, so that a green crop often crowns the red and white house, and adds considerably to the colour effect of the bare brown mountain behind.

The Lier Fos is very fine, superior to any we remember in Switzerland in regard to its volume of water in a given space. The Rhine falls at Schaffhausen have as much water, but it is spread over a wide fall, and at no one point has it an equal body. The form too is fine. The river Nid rolls in an unbroken mass over the top in a grand curve, then it strikes the rocks, and is dashed upwards almost to its original height, and falls downwards broken but not scattered, while clouds of mist rise up and at times obscure the fall, which reveals itself again in sublime grandeur. One side of the fall is wooded with pines down to the level of the river below. The right bank is another rocky range, which forms a wall at right angles to the fall, against and down which a smaller but more graceful dash is made, broken at every step into what looks like delicate lacework—an exquisite fringe to the grander robe of mingled water and vapour which swells and pulsates beside it. Some iron works, of a rude yet picturesque design, crown this side fall, while a platform runs out from it at a high level and enables one to front the fall.

It was not until we had driven back and were at home once more—for the *Jonas Lie* is now our home—that we discovered that there was a second fall not far above that we had seen!

Our early wanderings about the somewhat uninteresting town brought us the information that Ole Bull was to give a "people's concert" in the evening. We went leisurely enough, thinking that the unimpulsive people would not be moved to anticipate us; but we were mistaken. The large hall was filled not only to the doors, but people overflowed to the staircase. So we

lose what proved to be our only chance of hearing once more the great Norwegian violinist, who we well remember created such a sensation very many years ago in London. He is now a hale old man, Norwegian from his heart to his finger's ends, and we are told has the old witchery which Paganini grafted on his Scandinavian imagination.

We comfort ourselves under our disappointment by a supper on board, and are kept up to a late hour by the sunset: for though the sun went down soon after ten o'clock, the glorious after-glow lasts on into the small hours of

Saturday, July 13.—The morning, when we are called at six, is bright and glowing with sunlight: there is no token of the leaden gloom which had scowled on us and chilled our hearts at that hour on previous days. Our way is once more in the open sea, for we had retraversed the Trondhjemsfjord while asleep, but now there is no roughness to frighten the most timid, while the shore on our right—for we are but coasting without islands to protect us—has the usual beauties of an iron-bound coast with the addition of snowy mountains to back it; a charm peculiar to these extreme northern regions.

After awhile the outlying islands crop up again and shut us in, and now our way is, as it were, from lake to lake, with cliff-bound rivers connecting them. Winding and irregular is our path; for here extensive islands close in upon us, and some we have to circumnavigate, and so we have the confusing advantage of seeing striking mountains from different points of view, and of re-arranging groups, which makes the same things appear so different. And then, again, our iron-bound coast is no inhospitable shore, with surf-breakers warning into respectful distance all passing vessels: for here the mountain cliffs sink sheer downwards into the calm waters, and our little steamer skims under their calm precipices, as close and as confident as the favourite child of a grim warrior in its father's rugged arms. "Stations" occur, so like one another that were they not numbered they could scarcely be distinguished, and some lie in such snug, deep hidden nooks that otherwise they might be passed over, and left to starve without our aid. There is generally one wooden red ochre house, bright, clean and gardened; near it a store-house for the stock-fish, which stands half rooted to the rock and half overhanging the little cove, on piles. Sometimes there are more houses than one, and not unusually a telegraph station. At many of these we drop

anchor: up runs the flag of the solitary house in answer to our salute; out comes the boat and we drop into it a few sacks of flour and some cases of Palmer's biscuits, which seem much in request in these out-of-the-world fishing stations. And what a quaint boat is this *yecht*! The prow stand high in air, the stern is low, and the broad beam spreads out till the sides are nearly level and parallel with the water. We notice that as we advance northwards these peculiarities show more and more, developing, as it were, backwards into an Eskimo sledge. And we begin to think that this last must have been the primitive idea and certainly best fitted for ice, and that as the path grew longer and the sea wider, the adventurous fishermen adapted the craft to new requirements, and so modern ships grew out of this ancient design. And may it not be, as we would fain think, that in some such rough and seemingly frail barks the sea-kings came with their message of wrath and yet of invigoration to our sluggish Saxon ancestors? One such *yecht* has just been hauled aboard: as light, as rude, as simple in its construction, and yet as seaworthy as could well be imagined. Plain deal planks, yet with that curve of beauty and strength which Ruskin glorifies.¹

In the evening, or rather night,

If night there be where darkness is unknown,

about ten o'clock the steamer stops, and our gallant captain sends two boatloads of us ashore, and in time follows with a third, to visit the celebrated island of Torghattan. It is a mountain in the sea, rising upwards of eight hundred feet above the shore: in shape it may be called a rude and gigantic model of St. Paul's Cathedral, at least if we can suppose the vast central dome planed down on one side, as though a transept and a part beyond with its share of the dome had been cut vertically out of it, and that then across its centre and the other

¹ "That rude simplicity of bent plank, that can breast its way through the death that is in the deep sea, has in it the soul of shipping. . . . I know nothing else that man does which is perfect but that. All his other doings have some sign of weakness, affectation, or ignorance in them. They are overfinished or underfinished; they do not quite answer their end, or they show a mean vanity in answering it too well. But the boat's bow is naively perfect, complete without an effort. The man who made it knew not that he was making anything beautiful as he bent its planks into those mysterious, ever-changing curves. It grows under his hand into the image of a sea-shell, the seal, as it were, of the flowing of the great tides and streams of ocean stamped on its delicate rounding. He leaves it, when all is done, without a boast. It is simple work, but it will keep out water, and every plank henceforth is a Fate, and has men's lives wreathed in the knots of it, as the cloth-yard shaft had their deaths in its plumes" (*Harbours of England*).

transept a gigantic passage had been made, through which the bright sky can be seen from every passing vessel.

The comparison is what struck us at the moment, and is at least as good and more dignified than the Norse one, which, as the name implies, likens it to a man's hat.

This cleft or tunnel is four or five hundred feet up the island-mountain side : and long and steep do we, with our nautical legs, find the climb to be. Moreover, the entrance, some sixty-six feet in height, is difficult of access, being encumbered with heaps of broken rocks which have fallen from the overhanging roof. The passage inwards is a very steep descent to the centre, and then it rises just as abruptly, though not to the same height on the further side. As we stand at the entrance and look across this strange passage, a pretty picture presents itself, framed by the grim, dark mountain opening, of the bright sea beyond, and a small house in the foreground, glowing in a blaze of sunlight. It is hardly fair to call so noble a vault a tunnel : it rises so grandly with its perpendicular walls and well proportioned width. Rather may we regard it as a lofty and spacious portico, some fifteen hundred feet long, its floor five hundred feet above the sea, itself two hundred feet more, and its cornice another hundred to the mountain top. Such might well be the entrance hall to the palace of Thor himself. It is a fragment that has lasted to our day of what the imagination delights in dreaming might once have been.

Such is Torghattan when explored as now ; under a night sky, ablaze with sunlight and steeped itself in brightest colours, as dreamy, gorgeous and mysterious as the legends which linger in this enchanting and enchanted land.

But seen from the deck of a passing ship, as we saw it afterwards, no idea can be formed of its real grandeur : for then it is but a mere tunnel, or rather a hole in a stone wall, through which a glimmer of light is to be caught for a moment at the right point of view.

Down we scramble again and scatter ourselves in parties towards the coast : each group starting off with a moral certainty that it knows the way, and so of course we are found at last on different parts of the shore ; but the good ship sails round, like a careful mother as she is, and picks us up in her strong arms of boats, and we get once more on board to enjoy this midnight sunlight.

What a night is this ! The bright day had grown brighter

and more beautiful as evening came on. The after-glow, which intensified the night sunset, has by midnight lighted up the sky with the warmest crimsons into which the gold has deepened. The calm waters are aglow with the same deep hue, and their ripples form, but with colours such as the Irish poet could hardly have seen but with his mind's eye,

The line of light that plays
Along the smooth wave towards the burning West,

and surely with him, though to us it is northward,

We long to tread that golden path of rays,
And think 'twould lead to some bright isle of rest.

After awhile the waters lose their colour, the after-glow is passing : there is deep gloom as of a tempest, and yet without clouds, on all sides, save in the point where the sun went down ; and there—no, a little to the east of it, but almost joining it—another glow appears, not on the waters, but in the sky ; and now it grows more intense, increasing as the other one had diminished. What is it ? Has the after-glow come back ? Yes—and yet no. It is the dawn of sunrise, the fore-glow ; and before two o'clock up rises the next day's sun.

It is a night not to be forgotten. Something new in this world of old things. A fitting conclusion to that sunlight wandering, close upon midnight among the crags and precipices of the mysterious Torghattan.

If this is what we see south of the Arctic circle, what awaits us when we cross it and sail several degrees within that region of the long day of sunlight ?

H. B.

A Loyal Catholic Cavalier.

PART THE THIRD.

WHATEVER hopes our Cavalier and other Catholic Royalists may have entertained, that the restoration to his kingdom of the monarch for whom they had suffered so much, would bring about an amelioration of their condition, these hopes were speedily dissipated. For a short time there was a gleam of sunshine, but soon the anti-Popery cry was again raised, and persecution became the order of the day. On the announcement, in 1673, of the King's intended act of toleration (from which, however, Catholics were to be excluded), a violent outcry was excited, and severely repressive measures were enacted in Parliament. No doubt the report of the Duke of York's conversion added fuel to the flame, for we find the outburst increasing in bitterness as this rumour settled into conviction. It culminated in the nefarious plot of Titus Oates, which found the nation ready to listen to any extravagance, and worked it into the phrensy of a religious panic. The voice of justice and reason was then wholly disregarded, and many innocent Catholics became the victims of popular fury.

Amongst the sufferers was Richard Langhorne, Esq., Counsellor-at-law, a man highly respected, and possessing the confidence of many of the chief families of his own faith. His prominence as a Catholic lawyer, and his fidelity in the practices of religion, marked him out as an object of attack. With this gentleman Mr. Blundell had been for many years on the most intimate terms, having contracted for him, as he says in the language of the day, 'an entire friendship.' Many letters had passed between them, and in 1666, Mr. Langhorne sent to Crosby an interesting account of the great fire at London, of which he himself was an eye-witness. About that time he seems to have had an offer from Lord Baltimore, the Catholic Governor of Maryland, to fill some office in that colony; but he tells his friend that he will not accept it unless

he can have him as a companion. We gather from Mr. Blundell's letters that his friends rallied him on his fine prospects, and called him the Chancellor of Maryland. A very different fate however awaited him, and a remarkable letter, written by his friend, under 14th of May, 1673, which, though long, we cannot forbear quoting, is couched in the language of prophecy. The words in italics are underlined in Mr. Blundell's transcript, and have a striking significance as coming from Mr. Langhorne himself, and echoed by his correspondent. Our Cavalier was undoubtedly of the stuff of which martyrs are made, and would have suffered death as readily as his friend in the same glorious cause.

"You think we are all asleep, and that we shall be 'eating and drinking, marrying and giving in marriage, when the storm and the flood come.' Shall I tell you my fancy? Perhaps you will say it is a wild one. I think that none but madmen can execute those cruel things that are threatened against his Majesty's Catholic subjects. And if men be really mad, there is no defence against them by paper walls. In my younger days our next Justice of the Peace (Colonel Moore of Bank Hall) sent one of my tenants, a soldier of the trained bands, to the gaol for refusing the oath of allegiance. He was prisoner a year or two, and being at last released in time of the war, he took up arms for the King, and lived and died (with his poor estate sequestered) a loyal Catholic subject, whilst that very same Justice of the Peace was one of the King's judges, and died (for aught that I know) an unrepenting rebel. I knew no leading rebel about those times who was not (as I confidently think) a notable taker or tenderer of the oath of allegiance, nor any one Catholic refuser who proved disloyal to his King. God grant us a better test of allegiance, a more lucky oath.

"I have a villainous book of Prynnes, printed in 1643, where he endeavours to prove by the records of sundry kingdoms that the people had authority to depose and resist their kings, to call them to strict account, and when they saw just cause for it, to proceed capitally against them. According to these same grounds, King Charles the First was beheaded. When the bloody deed was done, Milton and sundry others by writing, and thousands of others by the sword, defended it as just. Yet Milton and those are pardoned, and live in security. Prynne, as is very well known, was an

eminent Parliament man, a mortal foe to the Papists, and was cherished with a very fair salary and with singular places of trust since the King came in. I think we do not seek for preferment. For my own part I am sure I only plead *pro domo mea*, for the same house and lands which I lost for my duty to the King to a pack of those arch-villains, and purchased it from them again, after nine or ten years' sequestration, with money which I borrowed. My limbs, my goods, my liberty, I lost on the same account. Many others of ours lost life and all. And ours and our greatest enemies' principle are still the same. If we must therefore beg or hang, I pray God bless the King, and the will of God be done. . . . My dearest sir, I wish as much as you *that we were together one day before we suffer*, and I shall not despair of this happiness; neither will I be cross and wilful in refusing advice. For the present (I pray God pardon me for it) my soul is bitter. I am going next week above seventy miles to York, to take a long farewell of a worthy friend, who lies in a deep consumption. On the 23rd and 29th of April last, I lost by a hot fever two of my dearest friends in Lancashire. All these were my cousin-germans, the eldest not thirty-nine years of age. *Coarctor undique nimis*. You ought to pardon and pity me."

The friend dying at York was Laurence Ireland, S.J., of whom more hereafter. The two others were James Scarisbrick, of Scarisbrick, Esq., and his brother Thomas, a priest S.J. There is an interesting anecdote related by Mr. Blundell in connection with their deaths. "On the 1st of May, 1673, Sir Thomas Clifton made a relation to me at Scarisbrick to this effect, viz., 'On Monday senight my wife told me that she had dreamed that herself and her cousin Scarisbrick (the squire), and his brother Thomas, were all of them laid out in white as if they were dead.' Sir Thomas did then express in many words what trouble of mind he had to hear so speedily after of the death of my cousin Thomas Scarisbrick, which happened on the 23rd of April (but two days after he had heard of my lady's dream), and then again to hear of my cousin Scarisbrick's death, which happened on the 29th of the same, at whose burial on the 1st of May he made this relation to me.

"All this above I wrote on the 2nd of May, 1673, and this I shall add, that my cousin Scarisbrick was in health when my lady told that dream; and I think it is true that my lady did not know anything of my cousin Thomas his sickness

which had been but a day or two. If my lady (who I think is now in health) die within a short time, I shall not doubt but the matter was revealed unto her by a special favour from God, otherwise I shall not well know how to interpret the dream or rely on the relation." As Mr. Blundell says nothing farther on this subject, it may be presumed that Lady Clifton did not die shortly after. This lady was Bridget, daughter of Sir Edward Hussey, Kt. of Honington, and the second wife to Sir Thomas, but the date of her death is not given in the published pedigree of the family. Sir T. Clifton was created baronet in 1660, but having no sons, the title died with him, while the estate descended to his nephew.

Mr. Langhorne suffered resolutely on the 14th of July, 1679, asserting in his last speech that he had an offer of free pardon if he would have renounced his religion. The following passage from the State trials, quoted by Lingard, shows that the judge, who pronounced sentence against him, was convinced of his innocence. "Oates and Bedloe afterwards charged the Chief Justice Scroggs before the Council with having said at the assizes at Monmouth, that he did believe in his conscience that Richard Langhorne, whom he condemned, died wrongfully, to the great disparagement, &c. Scroggs replied that he was more unsatisfied about Mr. Langhorne's case than all the rest, the more so that he was credibly informed that part of Bedloe's evidence about Langhorne's writing in his presence could not possibly be true."

The following observations show that in the suggestion of social and economic reforms our Cavalier was much in advance of the age in which he lived."

"Many persons have money, which they desire to put out to lawful interest, but they are wholly ignorant of the means to do it. Many others would take up money in extreme necessity, and are willing to give security, but they know not where to find money. This hath been the reason why the scriveners of London have been employed as brokers for money, with benefit to themselves and commodity to the borrower and lender. This might be practised with much advantage to the country, in each county of England, by the means of some discreet, honest person in each town of note, whose known employment it should be either to put out money and take security, or at least to be able to give the names of the borrowers and lenders of such sums as are required to be borrowed and lent.

The above was written about the year 1659, since when great practice hath been made in this kind within our neighbourhood,

so that now, the present year 1683, it seems so convenient to borrowers and lenders, that I think it is like to continue. And I believe the like might be practised with great advantage to the country in other matters, as in buying and selling of land, and even in marriages, if the person employed be discreet and tender of other men's credits. In these he might be used no otherwise than as an informer or intelligencer betwixt the parties, and his commission might be so restrained, as that he should only tell the circumstances, as the value, price, site and buildings upon the land, the age, portion, quality, beauty, &c., of such a maid or widow; and the like of such a bachelor or widower as desired to have a wife. And when he findeth that these informations are agreeable to the inquirer's desires, he may inform the parties concerned, and telling withal the several qualities of the inquirer, if they do then seem to be grateful to the other, he may name each party to the other, and so leave them to transact their business. This course seemeth to prevent two extremes, the one of wanting the commodity you desire by a bashful silence, and the other of becoming necessarily the common chat of the neighbourhood if you should after publish your desire to buy or sell land, to many or the like. Some such way might be used for the hiring of servants or apprentices, and for the utterance of divers wares or commodities. It would be very expedient if each parish or village might have some place, as the church, smithy, &c., wherein to publish by papers posted up the wants either of the buyer or seller—as such a field to be let, such a servant or such a service to be had, &c. And it seemeth convenient that each man that will sell his horse should tie a mark or sign thereof on the bridle. For in regard it is often ill taken to ask a gentleman the price of his horse, many necessary bargains are hindered; as likewise if a man should now declare his willingness to sell his horse, it would argue some hidden fault, whereas in so general a usage it were not so like to be suspected.

In respect to the first subject alluded to by Mr. Blundell, we know that he had long felt the inconvenience complained of. His well-known character for prudence and integrity had caused him to be the depositary of various sums of money belonging to the religious ladies who presided over the English convents abroad, which he often had a difficulty in locating. We find in his account-books a faithful record of these amounts, which he was accustomed to lend in sums of £50 to gentlemen of his acquaintance and others well recommended, the interest agreed for being invariably 6 per cent. In his later years he made use of the brokerage houses to which he alludes, as this description of business, begun in London, had extended by degrees to provincial towns. On the delicate subject of matrimony, Mr. Blundell's

suggestion is a good one, and has been used with success abroad ; but the ridicule attached to the more vulgar and less desirable plan of advertising, has perhaps prevented its adoption in this country. Amongst Catholics at that period, the priests, who had no settled abode, but passed from one country house to another, were frequently the means of affording information and furnishing introductions with a view to marriage. When Mr. Blundell was anxious to obtain a wife for his son and heir, he received information regarding two suitable matches, the particulars of which he carefully notes down, with the names of the informants, who in one case was a priest. Writing afterwards to Mr. Henry Heaton, S.J., a relative of his, he takes occasion to thank him for the excellent wife he had procured for his son. This lady was Mary, daughter of Rowland Eyre, of Hassop, Derbyshire, Esq., and we think our readers will be pleased with the following specimen of a love-letter written shortly before marriage, which breathes the chivalrous sentiments of the son of a cavalier. Its stately courtesy of style will contrast strangely with modern effusions of this nature.

1668. It is near ten days since I was torn away from your presence, where I desire ever to live, having left my heart behind me. Yet I bear the separation with the less impatience, because you did not reject me when I came from thence. I shall never desire to live without your favour, nor shall your favours ever raise me to a higher degree of confidence than becomes your humble servant. This paper shall take the boldness to kiss your fair hand, from whence I am encouraged to hope for such a favourable return as may keep my hopes alive. I will still confide in your goodness to allow me the great honour to appear again in your presence about the middle of the next month. Oh, my most honoured, dear lady, how shall I count those unkind hours that keep me from so great a joy ! I could wish your heart like mine in all but the pain it feels. I told you once before (as I hope I did not offend), that your goodness hath cause to pardon (I hope it may pity, too) what your virtue and beauty have done.

There are other useful suggestions made by Mr. Blundell in his notes, such as the publication of the processes of suits-at-law ; so that those who are necessitated to engage in this expensive pursuit may learn something for their money. He advocated a law for the uniformity of weights and measures, and mentions a case of great hardship as having occurred recently at Liverpool through ignorance of the local custom, where the party aggrieved could not obtain any redress. The want of such a law has been

the subject of complaint even to the present day, but the late statute (not yet in operation) promises to remedy this anomaly. He thinks likewise that it would be well to issue accounts of trials at the Bar and punishments awarded, though he fears that from the mal-administration of justice this might only tend to the encouragement of evil doers. It would be desirable, he says, that notices of all accidents and disasters, happening within a certain range of country, should be collected and spread abroad, which he considers would lessen the chance of other similar accidents. He instances the case of a man digging for rabbits at the Grange, who was killed by the fall of a bank of sand. This disaster was followed a few weeks after by a precisely similar one at Maghull, only three miles off. Surely, he adds, this would not have happened if the second man had been acquainted with the other's mischance?

One of the dearest friends and companions of our cavalier was Laurence Ireland of Lydiate, Esq.,¹ who after the death of his wife and the settlement of his estate on his elder daughter Margaret (subsequently married to Sir Charles Anderton, second baronet of Lostock), left the world and became a priest of the Society of Jesus. Mr. Blundell has this note concerning him: "1664, May 23. Laurence Ireland, Esq., being that very day aged thirty years, and left by the late death of his wife a jolly healthful widower, with two daughters and no son, told me as we were coming from Holywell that he would not marry again, although by that marriage he should know that all the people of England would become Catholics. That day I took leave of him, who was then on his journey towards the other side of the sea with intention to undertake a religious life."

At the request of his friend, Mr. Blundell furnished him yearly while abroad with what he calls "bills of mortality," in which, besides a catalogue of deaths and disasters, there is much local and some general news. We cannot do more than glance

¹ Laurence Ireland was descended from Thomas de Ireland, a cadet of the ancient house of Hute and Hale, who came to Lydiate on his marriage with Agnes, daughter and heiress of Robert de Blackburne and his wife, Katharine Benetsone de Lydiate. She was sole heiress of the De Lydiates, who had for their progenitor William Gernet, an early Norman settler. Laurence, son of Thomas and Agnes, married Katharine, daughter of Henry Blundell of Crosby, Esq., and erected in the latter years of Henry the Sixth that portion of the Hall which is now standing. He likewise founded, if he did not complete, the domestic Chapel of St. Katharine, which still exists as a picturesque ruin, and is known (by a common misnomer) as Lydiate Abbey.

at these letters, which are long and interesting. On October 15th, 1666, he writes—

You may remember in the last house but one where you and I were together, there were two fair young ladies who were strangers, and a hearty mistress of the family. You told me when the horn was winding there that it sounded *Dead, Dead, Dead*. The good mistress of the house is lately dead indeed, and the family much endamaged. But one of these young ladies did since marry a brother-in-law of yours (Mr. Thomas Greene of Nateby), who had buried your sister before, so that dead, dead, dead, is both the first and the last of the story.

One of the most striking features of this correspondence is the insight it gives into the prevalence of what Mr. Blundell very justly calls "the vice of our country." Whatever may be thought of our present condition in this respect, it is certain that there is much more abstinence among the higher classes since the fashion of deep drinking at table has gone out. Whether a similar comparison will hold as favourably in regard to the lower orders may be questioned. In the foregoing letter Mr. Blundell relates the following story.

I should have told you in my last of the happy departure of Mr. Thomas Hardin (my lords Mr. Hardin of Upton), since when the death of a certain young squire of those parts is very remarkable; but I shall tell you a word of his life. He was adorned in the days of usurpation with the virtues which were then in fashion. He was a singular zealot, a very sufficient preacher; in short, he was (as they used to call him) a gifted man; but after, when the wind turned and had blown hypocrisy out of the doors, my gentleman's mask fell off, and then he appeared no better than one of the wicked. In fine, he drunk lustily, and followed the ging, or rather indeed led it—a private ging of his own in Prescot parish. But this new course of his within a few months was interrupted by a dropsy, with which, notwithstanding, he struggled a long time very courageously, and had gained much ground, so that away he ventures to Warrington. There passing the day merrily, and returning well laden in the night, he caught a grievous fall on the highway, from whence being carried to his house, he ended the unhappy play with a tragical exit. This was the eldest son of that honest, good fellow with the two hard names (Nehemiah Bretargh), who having practised the same jovial trade for some twenty or thirty years, and going merry to bed (at the house of your noble friend, with whom you must divide the commons), was found to be stark dead the next morning.

He adds that he had been told by Mr. L. Livesley that a certain neighbour of his, "a notable observing youth," had

reckoned no fewer than fifty burials of rich and poor within the space of one year in Prescott parish alone, all caused by immoderate drinking. "Ging" is a term with which we are not familiar at the present day, but we take it to signify a meeting where glasses jingle, *i.e.*, for drinking purposes. By the noble friend with whom Laurence Ireland would have to divide his commons was probably meant Sir Thomas Preston, Bart., of the Manor, Furness, who a few years after, in a similar manner abandoned his estates to enter as a lay-brother in the same Society.

In the autumn of 1668, Mr. Blundell sends his usual bill, and among other items of news has the following.

The noble Countess of Southampton hath been four or five weeks amongst us, bowling on Sephton Green; the country came flowing in, and she kept a public table at the Hall of Maile (Maghull). I could have soured her good cheer by giving her bills of mortality since the last scene she acted in this neighbourhood. But I was so sour myself that I saw not so much as a brace of rubbers on the Green during the whole play. *Quantum mutatus.*

Barbara Villiers, Duchess of Cleveland, and Countess of Southampton, was one of the numerous mistresses of Charles the Second, and died in 1709. The healthy and agreeable pastime of bowls, which was very fashionable in England during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, has not deserved to be relegated as it now is, to suburban inns and rural places of recreation. There are indications, however, that its intrinsic claims to public favour will be again recognized, and that sooner or later it will re-occupy the position in country houses from which it has been somewhat ungratefully deposed. Mr. Blundell makes frequent mention of this harmless amusement. In a letter written in 1650 to a Protestant friend, who had rallied him for attending archery meetings, he thus retorts:—

What can be said for you who go to bowling-greens? Croxteth (the seat of Lord Molyneux) especially, a centre out of your circle, where none meet but malignants, papist malignants, under the Governor's nose, in time of danger, in a place partly forbid. If these things are well taken, the world and your friends are much mis-taken.

About the time when our Cavalier was sending his despatches to his friend abroad, his son William says in a letter to his brother-in-law, Laurence, son of Rowland Eyre of Hassop, of Derbyshire, Esq.,—

If you could have time to make a step into Lancashire, I would show you once a week a meeting of a dozen or fourteen gentlemen, or more, who, after a dinner had at Sefton, spend the afternoon at bowls. My Lord Molineux and his son (who is lately come out of Italy), Sir Edward Stanley, my cousin Scarisbrick, and others, have engaged to meet at Sefton every week. Sir Edward Stanley has set a foot bows and arrows, and follows the sport very eagerly. My Lord Molineux his son intends to do the like, and many other gentlemen there are who will follow their example. So that you will find some other diversion besides downright drinking.

From the last expression, it may be inferred that the praiseworthy encouragement given these innocent recreations by the heads of the chief families in this part was with the view of counteracting that evil.

Laurence Ireland returned to England as a priest in 1672, and was sent to assist the young lady of Sir Thomas Mostyn, Bridget, daughter of D'Arcy Savage, Esq., and heiress of Beeston in Cheshire. Her husband, however, would not let a priest come near the house, and her friends had many forebodings as to the result of this ill-starred marriage. Mr. Ireland soon after fell into a consumption and died at York on the 30th June, 1673, in the most edifying sentiments of resignation, as his friend records. His mother (Margaret Norris of Speke), was present at his death, and afterwards resided at Lydiate Hall, where she closed a long life in 1695, and lies buried at Halsall Church. His daughters, who were both very young when he left the world, had been intrusted to the care of his kind relatives at Crosby. Their father writes thus to Mrs. Blundell in grateful acknowledgment for the attention paid to them :—

1670, Sept. 30,—I have lately seen my children at Dunkirk, which sight put me fresh in mind of my obligations to you for your care and labours in their education. What they have I ascribe to you, and if they have any thing more than you gave them, 'tis but a small structure upon your foundation. God Almighty will reward it in yours.

Katharine, the younger daughter, became a nun at Dunkirk, where she died in 1740.

In 1680, Mr. Blundell received from Sir Roger Bradshaw, who had procured it from the Earl of Ancram, a list of Popish recusants of the greatest quality in Lancashire, who were to be banished by Act of Parliament. This was one of the results of the ferment excited by the Titus Oates' Plot, but was found to be too severe a measure to be carried out. Caryll Viscount

Molyneux heads the list, which comprises sixty-four names, including those of Mr. Blundell and his son and heir. Our Cavalier had previously applied to Government for a pass to go abroad, and was informed that he could have one if he entered into recognisances not to return into the kingdom without license. This shows that some such measure as the above was in contemplation. Mr. Blundell indignantly refused a permission coupled with so hard a condition, and thus expresses himself in a letter to Lord Ancram.

21 Aug., 1679. . . . I have engaged in £500 already not to travel to Rome, and now to banish myself by a deliberate act of my own from my native and best beloved country, I have not the heart to do. I should certainly forfeit my bond if nothing else would effect my return. I would rather be confined again (as once in the prime of my youth for the noblest cause in the world) to my plundered bare walls and a pair of crutches than to lead the life of an outlaw. I desire, as the case now stands, rather to keep my possession till the law of the land or of nature do turn me out.

We may well wonder at the short sighted policy, which dictated a measure of such extreme harshness towards one whose loyalty to his King, and submission to the laws of his country (when they did not affect his conscience), had been abundantly tested. Later on, he procured a license free from the obnoxious condition, and passed over into France, where he spent a good part of the following year. During the short reign of James the Second, he resided chiefly in London, where he had many friends at Court, who encouraged him with the hopes of at length obtaining some compensation for his many trials. At their suggestion he prepared a petition to the King, and was led to expect that he might receive some post, though as he himself says, he hardly knew what sort of an office would suit a man of his years and infirmities. It does not appear that this petition was actually presented, and the end of his hopes and those of his friends came very speedily. When the news of the Prince of Orange's intended landing reached England, the martial instincts of our Cavalier were aroused and he addressed a letter to the Honourable Robert Strickland, Vice Chamberlain to the Queen, suggesting a plan for the discomfiture of the enemies' troop of horse, which was said to be incomparably strong. This plan was the planting of a number of sharp-pointed rods (tipped with iron, if possible), to be so placed as to impale the horses of the troopers when they rushed to the attack. He

goes into details, describing with the precision of a quartermaster the size of the rods, the quantity required, and the waggons desirable for their transportation. Whatever military men may think of this scheme, to a non-combatant it wears rather an impractical appearance, as its success seems wholly to depend upon the enemy adopting the exact position necessary for their impalement. As they might possibly have declined to be parties to their own destruction, in this case the rods were as likely to be a hindrance to the King's troops as a damage to the enemy. Our Cavalier must have been considerably disgusted to find the kingdom delivered up without a struggle; but after all, considering the then temper of the nation, it was probably the wisest if not the only course that the King could have pursued.

The unquestionable influence which Mr. Blundell acquired within the circle of his acquaintance by his virtue and abilities was always exercised for the benefit of those with whom he came in contact. He had a particular compassion for young men just entering upon their estates, knowing by experience the many temptations with which they are surrounded. On them he lavished all his art of pleasing, that their affections being engaged on his side, they might be induced to listen more readily to his good advice. When Henry Blundell his neighbour, the young Squire of Ince Blundell, was at St. Omer's, he writes to him the kindest letters, giving him the news of the neighbourhood; but does not fail to exhort him to lay up such a store of virtue and learning, as will fortify him against coming dangers. In the same spirit he writes to his kinsman James Scarisbrick, who, while still pursuing his studies, had succeeded to the family property. In one of his letters he sends an interesting account of the discovery of some Roman coins on the Scarisbrick estate, and relates the story of his own grandfather's sufferings in the cause of religion. He urges him to make every preparation while he can to encounter a wicked and ignorant world. This young man met with an early death by fever in 1673, as we have already noticed. But his nephew, Thomas Selby of Biddles-tone, Esq., seems to have had the greatest share of his affection, and his letters evince a more than ordinary anxiety to shield him from danger. To him he unbosoms himself, and in one letter confesses his own errors in early youth, as the most convincing argument he could use. The following quotation, though a long one, forms only a portion of this letter; but its

felicity of style, the air of sincerity which pervades it, and its gentle persuasive power, make it well worthy of perusal. It was written when he was only thirty years of age, so that the settled form of his useful and virtuous life had speedily overshadowed his early wanderings.

If your very singular expressions of love, appearing in your kind letter, had not assured me that you will take any thing kindly from so near a friend, I had either not written to you at all at present, or else not so much in such a manner, as wanting authority to direct others in the way which I have missed so shamefully myself. For I was left through the death of my dearest friends too soon, and in my tender years, to my own disposal, and to the managing of that estate which, however little, was yet a great deal too much to be so very much abused. For, then, I thought myself to be more capable (I mean more sensible) of worldly pleasures, than commonly any other hath been. When my great and continued charge in horses, dogs, hawks, play, apparel, and a thousand other excesses, had at length put me often to my shifts for money, I was grieved no longer for that than whilst I was providing more. If now and then, perchance, a thought of future time did trouble me, it was more how to borrow more the next time than to pay what I had borrowed the last. This kind of desperate trading, I assure you, nephew, had like to have broken the merchant, and this was in a fair forwardness even in the twenty-third year of my age, had not God Almighty then laid a heavy but most fatherly hand upon me, reducing both my person and my estate to that condition which deprived me at once of the affection and ability to compass things of so vain and so extravagant a consequence. *Periissem nisi periissem*, and that was the singular mercy of God to save me (as I hope) from eternal and temporal damnation. However, nephew, I do assure you that, if God were now pleased to put an end to these sad persecutions, and that I amongst others had my estate cleared from this heavy sequestration (though necessity hath taught me the art of thrift against the world mend), yet might I play the good husband the greatest part of my man's estate, before I could recover the vain and wilful losses of my youth. I know you are quick enough to understand all this without a comment. You cannot choose but see there is a great parity between our two fortunes; I mean at the very beginning; for yours I doubt not will be much better and far more regulated by virtue and discretion than mine hath been. How soon you may chance to act the epitasis, or busy part of your play, I cannot guess, but I do heartily wish that then you would oft remember where I have missed it. And truly, my dear nephew, if the place of your present residence be not very much declined from its primitive institutions and manner of training up youth, I dare confidently assure you of a rare opportunity there in order to your future happiness. It is a place I have ever much inquired of, and

often seen its worthy effects in the great virtue and erudition of many of my friends. Let this effect hereafter appear no less in yourself. And I would have you, nephew, to think often (it is a lawful and honourable ambition), that the time will come when you shall sit like an oracle in the Highlands of Northumberland, giving counsel and assistance to all your friends and neighbours. So did Roger Widdrington, your late neighbour and kinsman, who, besides a general reputation for wisdom, raised himself merely by his own wit, tempered finely with learning and seconded by a commendable frugality, from a most inconsiderable to a fair and eminent fortune. This example is familiar (*nam nota loquor*), and yourself cannot choose but remember him. His successor I am sure you are well acquainted with, who is now a most virtuous and worthy gentleman. But your good father could have told you (as being himself well interested in the business), that the errors of his youth and his becoming too soon a master had quickly reduced him to the necessity either of a speedy and inevitable ruin, or to a wonderful great fall and contraction of expenses. But, alas, the apprehension of this kind of disgrace is so grievously resented by most of our ordinary gallants, that they do choose rather to throw themselves into a precipitate and desperate ruin. And this truly I found to be a prime difficulty even in my own compulsive reformation. Thus, you may see we are like to suffer a sore and tedious purgatory even in this very world for the vanity of a few years, and this too not altogether free from the note of dishonour. For, although it be the greatest temporal affliction falling to a private family, to ruin through our own fault and to part with a fair and ancient estate, yet doubtless it is no small blemish and disrepute to have begun that part and manner of living in hospitality, in play, apparel, great company keeping and the like, which must now presently, even with scorn and laughter of our acquaintance, be necessarily reformed.

Thos. Selby, Esq., married a Lancashire lady (Hesketh), the heiress of North Meols, on which estate the modern town of Southport is built. On her death without issue her husband claimed the property by virtue of a settlement made by his wife, but died himself during the prosecution of the suit. It was then inherited by one of the Rufford family, Robert Hesketh, Esq., and one moiety of it is still held by his descendant.

T. E. G.

Alt Catholicism in Switzerland.

THE hollowness of the theory of liberality so frequently and persistently promulgated by modern Liberals has rarely been better exemplified than in the present condition of Switzerland. It is but necessary to cast a glance at that country to recognize the fact that under the guise of civilization a distinct era of persecution has been commenced against the freedom and liberties of the Swiss Catholics. It may not be amiss to recount some of the scenes that have been of constant occurrence in some of the cantons in Switzerland during the last six years. It carries us back to a somewhat similar state of affairs in England three hundred years ago, when, for political and personal reasons, those in authority in the country deemed it desirable to repudiate union with the Holy See, and to establish a national communion. By the light of recent events in Switzerland it is possible to conceive that many of our ancestors who disapproved of Protestant doctrines nevertheless imagined it would be possible to preserve the Church exactly the same as before, with the single exception of obedience to the Roman Pontiff. Such, we know, was the profession both of the German and Swiss Alt Catholics who raised the standard of revolt after the definition of the dogma of Infallibility by the assembled prelates of the universe at the Œcumenical Council of 1870. "We are," said they, "precisely what we were before the Council," *i.e.*, in other words, "we are Roman Catholics minus the dogma of Infallibility." What they are now, after the lapse of seven years, is uncertain. But, whatever they may be, they are not Catholics. We read of confession being abolished and discouraged, the celibacy of the clergy repudiated both by the official synods of Switzerland and Germany, and many distinctive tenets of the Catholic faith disparaged and explained away, whilst two or three distinct attempts have been made to fraternize with the Anglican, American, Lutheran, and other Protestant communities. It may therefore safely be assumed

that they do not teach or preach what they professed to do at the commencement of the schism. It will be interesting to see that their professions of liberality are on a par with their professions of Catholicism.

Theoretically they may approve of modern civilization, but practically, as we propose to show in the following pages, despotism prevails to a very great extent, and the liberties of of the masses have been trampled upon and disregarded.

One of the most remarkable events in the progress of the schism was the election a year ago of a bishop who was styled "Bishop of the National Christian Church of Switzerland." This bishop (M. Herzog) was consecrated by Dr. Reinkens of Bonn, the self-constituted diocesan of the German Empire, and was immediately recognized by the Government, and provided with a large salary. One of his first acts was the drawing up of a new ritual and discipline for his followers. Two catechisms were put forth, one in French for the French cantons by the ex-Abbé Michaud, the other by the Bishop, and it is curious to observe the discrepancy between the views of these two leaders of heresy. That by M. Michaud promulgated doctrine very much in advance of the other, especially as regarded the dissolubility of marriage, and was hailed with delight by the infidels and freethinkers, whilst M. Herzog, the author of the other, was accused of endeavouring to continue a course which was not calculated to advance enlightenment or civilization, and he was obliged in a public speech to assure his hearers that his one ambition was to promote the cause of liberalism and subserviency to the State. The masses of the people, especially in the country districts, ignore the proceedings of this new sect, and refuse the ministration of its priests. But the authorities in the cantons of Berne and Geneva are determined to support their new form of worship, and do not hesitate for this purpose to inflict penalties and imprisonment on those who oppose them. The churches they declare to be the property of the parishes organized according to the new laws, and the Government they say "cannot allow them to be used by associations such as the Roman Catholic, which it does not recognize." Thus the authorities, having forcibly taken away the buildings from the Catholics who had previous possession of them, have decreed that they belong to purely fictitious parishes, created by themselves, comprising no member of the new schism with the exception of the State-appointed

priest and a few freethinkers. They then pretend that such a course of proceeding is lawful because it is the existing law, and that those who complain are the enemies of liberty and civilization.

They admit that the Catholics form the entire body in the Jura, but say that it does not please them that they should be recognized, and that they must remain devoid of their rights. Having done this much they go a step further, and throw every obstacle in the way of those whom they have robbed of their schools and churches.

For example, many priests have been punished with fines and imprisonment for having read from the altar a pastoral letter from their lawful bishop. But though the Government thus harass the faithful, and show every possible favour to those who acknowledge the supreme jurisdiction of the State, they fail to induce people to join them, and this latest of modern schisms remains stationary. A Protestant paper, entitled *La Semaine Religieuse*, recently spoke of Alt Catholicism in the following terms: "After a period of three years they have gained nothing. The conversion of the people of the Jura to Alt Catholicism ordered by the Government of Berne is a fiasco."

The unhappy men who have accepted charge of parishes from the Government are the scum of every nation, drawn thither by the inducement of large pay and the prospect of doing a good stroke of business. Many of them have found their position so intolerable, owing to the action of the masses of the people around them, that in spite of the pecuniary advantages they have decamped. Others, finding the time hang heavy on their hands, have got into difficulties, and have been cited before the tribunals for acts of drunkenness and immorality, whilst a third class confine themselves to the parochial houses allotted to them, dispense with nearly all the ceremonies of religion, and lead the lives of lay agriculturists. Within the last two years many have returned penitent to the Catholic Church, and since the commencement of the schism twenty-four of the intruded priests have, either of their own accord or under compulsion, quitted the Jura. At Grandfontaine the curé says Mass in the parish church, which is attended only by the sacristan, who came with him from France. At Glovelier there is not a single parishioner, and at Norrimont and Gourroux the curés have married Protestants.

The whole situation is beginning to attract attention and to alarm the chief of the schism. In the Synod presided over by Bishop Herzog, in 1877, he used the following language :

The condition of some of our parishes is less to be deplored than the scandal caused by the conduct of the curés who disgracefully neglect their duties. It is to be hoped that in the future the Council of the canton of Berne will endeavour to find écclesiastics who are serious and conscientious. The mission of many of our present priests appears to be to drive the people to Ultramontanism and to throw discredit upon our Church.

It is not difficult to see how grave is the evil which the governments of the cantons of Berne and Geneva have given birth to, and the language of the Liberal press is remarkable. *Le Progrès* writes that "we must completely get rid of certain shepherds who have got into the ranks of our party," and continues—

We must not only get rid of those who by their private conduct have forfeited the esteem of all honest men, but we can have no sympathy for those who neglect the duties attached to their office. Every State functionary ought to devote his time to the affairs of the public, and it is not exactly by fishing and hunting for days together, that a functionary of the State like a curé of a parish, can render service to the Government that pays him.

The *Oberaargauer*, a Radical paper of Berne, writes thus—

The people will have nothing to do with the new priests. They permit them to live in the presbyteries and make use of the churches, but for baptisms, marriages, and burials they go to the banished clergy, who still acknowledge the authority of Rome and the Roman bishops. The new form of service appointed by the State is not supported as it ought to be, even by the Liberals, and as for the masses of the people, they gather in attics and barns to attend the Roman Catholic services.

The most serious difficulty that the Alt Catholics have to encounter is not to reclaim the priests that are bad, but to find some that are not, and when this is done to obtain for them some followers. Meanwhile the great hope of the authorities is to get possession of the young by the erection and endowment of primary schools. Three have been already founded, and more are in progress, but hitherto they have not been patronized by the Catholics.

Should the persecution be indefinitely prolonged and fresh difficulties arise, there might be great danger for the rising generation, and it will be important for the Swiss Catholics to be on their guard. The canton of Geneva eclipses that of Berne in its legislation. Within the last year the authorities have issued the following document—

Article I. No Catholic priest who is a foreigner may perform any service or portion of a service, or preach or teach in the canton without having obtained permission to do so from the State authorities.

Article II. Those who infringe any of these regulations are liable to be taken up by the police, in addition to any punishment that may be imposed upon them in accordance with the existing laws.

Now when we remember the large number of foreigners who are perpetually to be found at Geneva whose religious wants are attended to by priests of their different nationalities, we can appreciate the injustice of these regulations, and we are forced to conclude that the intention on the part of the authorities in framing them was to persuade all that could be persuaded to join the Government Church.

Within the last few months the church of St. Joseph at Geneva, situated in the lower part of the town, and the last edifice in possession of the Catholics, has been seized by the Government, whereupon a Protestant paper, entitled *La Gasette de Lausanne*, made the following criticisms—

Some honest men believe that this course of procedure helps on the cause of Liberalism, and that these petty acts of tyranny are necessary for the welfare of our town. Blind indeed they are not to see that for every church that is closed by order of the Government another is opened in an attic or garret which is filled with a multitude far more devout and zealous than before.

The Government does not merely content itself with depriving the Catholics of buildings founded by themselves, but it interferes and molests them in the places where they have fled for refuge. Under pretence of looking for articles of ecclesiastical furniture claimed by the schismatics, it invades private houses and subjects priests and laymen to annoyances that descend to the minutest details. Meanwhile desertions from the ranks of the *State clergy* are frequent and some of them have written publicly to the effect that the attempt made to establish at Geneva a National Catholic Church, is nothing

but a political manœuvre which is certain to fail. If those who had originally planned the schism would acknowledge their defeat and confess that the endeavour to force Swiss Catholics to become schismatics is impossible, there might be a chance of peace, but unfortunately at present they show no signs of surrender. The following passages taken from three of the Liberal journals of Switzerland are very remarkable.

1. *Indépendance*.¹

In the rural districts they (the Government authorities) still continue to force the doors of the parish churches for the purpose of installing priests of the new religion, in places where the people do not wish to have them. The pastor without any flock preaches to empty benches, or has for hearers the *gendarme* or any other Government official who happens to live near and attends for fear of losing his appointment. The unfortunate curé is frequently obliged to remain at home and sometimes even to keep his shutters closed if he wishes to avoid the insults of those around him. He is often at last driven to desperation and disappears to return into the fold of the Roman Church, or to lapse into unbelief.

2. *Echo du Parlement*.²

We have still in Geneva a strong faith in the future. There is a question of founding in this Protestant Rome, a chair of theology (Alt Catholic by name) similar to that which flourishes at Berne, and with the help of the Budget we are informed that the professors and students are to have handsome salaries. If students are required it will certainly be necessary to pay them handsomely, for otherwise no one would be so stupid as to embrace the career of an Alt Catholic curé which is hazardous and bristling with difficulties. Be that as it may, the Government has undoubtedly entered on a path of great difficulty, and the further it goes the more entangled does it get in an enterprize of its own undertaking. It still clings to an endeavour, the failure of which is apparent.

3. *Journal des Débats*.³

The leaders of the Liberal Catholics persist in making a reform without either reformers or persons desirous of reform, when they persist in their endeavour to found a church to which both priests and faithful are wanting. . . . A task of no small difficulty. . . . The new curés have no one to assist at their services, the old ones say Mass in a barn or an attic or any place they can procure, which is frequented by all the women of the district and most of the men.

¹ May, 1877.

² December, 1877.

³ February, 1878.

When language of this kind is used by men who profess Liberalism and detest Catholicism, it is no marvel that the breast of every Catholic should heave with indignation at the treatment his brethren in Switzerland are compelled to undergo. The persecution will have done good if it should lead thinking men to realize the hypocrisy of those who profess liberty and practise despotism. In any case it has made apparent the fact that the Catholics of Switzerland, like their brethren in Ireland, hold fast to the centre of unity, and that neither bribery nor tyranny can induce them to become apostates.⁴

H. B.

⁴ Since the above was written fresh elections have taken place in Switzerland, and the Radicals having been defeated a different state of things may ensue.

Albert Durer: his Private Life.

RECENT biographies of eminent painters enhance greatly to us the interest we can take in the study of their works by collecting together facts which give us an insight into their private life and character. Moriz Thausing has published in German a biography of the great artist, Albert Durer, answering to this description; and M. Gustave Gruyer has translated his book into French. Probably not much is known about Albert Durer to the general English reader, and though he has been highly appreciated by those acquainted with art, still neither public nor private collections have made us really familiar with his style. The first step towards feeling interest in him as an artist is to learn something of him as a man. Although he retained great renown in his lifetime, and was a favourite with men of rank and with Emperors, his course through life was singularly wanting in incident, yet none the less does it afford us a study of character which well illustrates the country and the time to which he belonged.

Nuremberg, in Bavaria, was the place of Albert's birth, an old-fashioned town that had gradually gathered round the ancient fortress of the old Franconian Emperors on the banks of the Pegnitz, where it flowed through a somewhat sterile and sandy district. Nuremberg, as a castle, was known for the first time in 1050, under Henry the Third. From that date the miracles wrought by the relics of St. Sebald, the concourse of market people, and the necessity of providing lodgings for the courtiers and retainers of the royal household, began to form clusters of houses between the river and the castle, until at length Nuremberg became a considerable town, with its rich and dignified burghers. After a time the middle class rose into importance under the direction of a royal bailiff elected by itself. In the fifteenth century the town became an entirely free and independent republic, yet continued always most faithful to the Empire and to its ruling sovereign. Moderation,

mutual consideration and kindness united all classes, and while the ancient and patrician families accorded some little share in the Government to the artisans, these latter felt their importance acknowledged, and remained well disposed towards their superiors, even while they guarded their political privileges with a certain degree of jealous watchfulness. This spirit served as a stimulus to commercial activity and to the development of the arts. In proportion as the people acquired the right of carrying arms, the feeling of personal bravery and love of enterprize began to manifest itself not only in revolutionary agitations, but in cultivation of national poetry and drama, and of the fine arts, in which respects Nuremberg was not behind the neighbouring small states and constituencies. It became a centre for the development of German comedy and art, wherein painters, engravers on wood and copper, designers and colourists, found a respectable position and livelihood without difficulty. Anthony Koburger gained for his printing-presses a world-wide reputation, having shops in every chief town, and agents in each country; and, curiously enough, it was he who stood sponsor for Albert Durer at his baptism.

Such was the state of public taste and intellectual progress in Nuremberg when Albert Durer, the father of the subject of our sketch, on the 11th of March, 1455, found himself approaching one of those old gateways which admitted him within the walls of the town. He had come a long distance, for his home was in Hungary, where his father, descended from German colonists, had settled in the little town of Gyula, as a worker of metals. Albert, the eldest son, had adopted his father's craft, and after traversing Germany, and working under the most skilled gold and silversmiths, he had now, at the age of twenty-eight, and in a most opportune moment, arrived at Nuremberg. On that very same day Philip Pirkheimer, member of one of its most prominent families, was celebrating his marriage at the castle, and the gay fete was being held beneath the spreading branches of the venerable linden trees within its inclosure. The scene was at once accepted as a happy omen, and fixed the determination of Durer to settle down and ply his art, which he soon began to do in the large workshop of Jerome Holper. It sounds like a romance to record that in 1467, when already forty, he espoused his employer's daughter, who was then only fifteen, a step which his skill justified rather

than his advanced age. Albert Durer the younger, whose name was destined soon to obliterate the memory of his father, saw the light on the 21st of May, 1471, in premises which formed part of the mansion of the patrician Pirkheimer, to whom a son had been born on the previous December. Albert's position in his family was that of third child and second son out of a numerous household, numbering eighteen children in all. His father was able, soon after his birth, to buy a separate house in a central part of the town, and rose rapidly in consideration with his fellow citizens. In 1482 he was elected Grand Master of the Corporation of Goldsmiths, and a few weeks after he was charged, as road inspector, with the care of his portion of the city. In 1507 the increasing size of his family obliged him to purchase a still larger mansion, and though most of his children died young, he had at first much anxiety and heavy expenses to meet.

Of course Albert Durer the younger benefited by his father's advancing means and reputation. Although a youth belonging to the middle class of society was not likely to associate much with the sons of Councillors and men of rank, yet we can easily understand how a lasting friendship might spring up between two lads of the same age, and living under the same roof, however much they differed in worldly position. But Albert Durer and Willibald Pirkheimer were possessed of mind, character, and ability, and as artist and savant, were destined to be the two greatest men of their day in Nuremberg. The immediate neighbourhood of Albert's home must have helped to train the tastes of the future painter. It stood close to the spot whereon were erected those elaborate triumphal arches which graced imperial visits and local feasts. The studio of the artist, Michael Wolgemut, close by, must have suggested to him many thoughts and aspirations that would find a ready response within his breast. While on either side of the approach to the ancient castle were imposing mansions, and opposite to these the church and cloisters of the Dominicans. As regards his mental and spiritual training, we owe to his early habit of writing a journal of leading events that dutiful tribute to the memory of his father which portrays him as one who gave to his children an example of patience and gentleness towards others, and of the fear and love of God, and who sought to serve and please Him in the care with which he brought up his family piously and religiously. Albert's journal also gives us a

picture of his home according to the simple bourgeoisie life of the period, its hard, and unchanging but patient toil, its purity of morals and fear of God, its plain, practical, honest reality. The breast of the young man was filled with love and esteem for his parents, and when, after entering his father's room to awaken him one morning, he found that he had died suddenly during the night, not unprepared, for with assured faith and resignation the old man had made his preparation for death, his son chiefly grieved to think that he had not been worthy to assist at his father's last moments. According to the dying command laid upon him, he devoted himself to the support of his mother, who spent much of her time at her devotions in the church, and retained her full authority over her son in reprimanding him for his faults, and invoking a blessing on him when he left or returned home. On the 16th of May, 1514, feeling her end drawing near, she called her son Albert to her bedside, for the last time gave him her maternal benediction and her dying injunctions, sealing them by a kiss of peace, then she blessed herself with holy water, and tranquilly expired. Durer was able to hand down lifelike portraits of both his parents, and their lineaments, still preserved to us by his vigorous brush, fully confirm the descriptions written by his pen.

Albert himself tells us that, with the exception of two younger brothers, named Andrew and Hans, all his brothers and sisters had died either in infancy or in early youth, and thus, although the third born, he must soon have become the eldest of his family, whence his father's hopes, as well as his affections, were centred chiefly in him, and therefore, as compared with the others, more careful attention was paid to his education. As soon as the boy learned to read and write, he was apprenticed to the goldsmith's art, and this method he himself in after life adopted and approved of, when he required for the education of a child destined to be a painter simply that he should read and write well, and be master of so much Latin as would suffice for the studies and subjects connected with his profession. In all probability Albert's father saw in his son only the first link in a family line of gold and silversmiths, for he took him into his own workshop, about the age of thirteen, when he had left his first school. But the young boy soon discovered in what direction his genius really lay, and we consider that it strictly belongs to his personal history, as

distinguished from that of his progress as a painter, to touch on the first manifestation of his talent, and the consequences resulting from it in determining his future life. We cannot doubt that a child of so much talent soon acquired the first rudiments of the silversmith's craft. His father's workshop rendered him familiar with the designs of others, and the principles on which they were reproduced in the solid metal; and without going beyond the knowledge of the simplest matters, the idea of creation would have been forcibly suggested to his mind. In Germany, however, it was always the painter, and not the worker in metal, who was the originator of each design, and therefore the first essays of Albert Durer as a designer could not have been carried on during work hours, but probably in his leisure moments, and without his father's full approval. We have, indeed, ample proof of this, for in the British Museum there exists a slight sketch in black chalk on red tinted paper, representing in half length a woman holding a falcon on her wrist, and bearing beneath it an inscription evidently written by a companion of the painter, "Before entering as an apprentice of the painter Wolgemut, Albert Durer drew this design for me, in an upper room at the back of the house, while the late Conrad Lomayer was present." He at length made up his mind to place the matter before his father, as he himself wrote in his journal: "When I could find an opportunity of working, my desires turned towards painting in preference to moulding in silver. I spoke of this to my father, who was somewhat discontented, as regretting my having lost my time in learning to work in metal. He gave his consent, however, and on the 30th of November, 1484, being St. Andrew's day, he placed me as an apprentice under Michael Wolgemut, and bound me to the service of this master for three years." A portrait of himself, executed with wonderful ability, when he was but thirteen years old, proves that he had been by no means losing his time, as his father had suspected.

After brief allusions to his apprenticeship, Durer is as provokingly laconic in the next notice of his early days. "My father," he writes, "sent me to travel, on which occasion I was absent for four years, until my father recalled me. I left home at Easter in 1490, and it was in 1494, after Whitsuntide that I returned." Of his life during these four years we have no definite intelligence, we can but form a few slight conjectures from chance mention of him here and there, and especially from

the dates of some of his works. The statement, made by one, that he travelled during this period in the Low Countries remains unsupported either by the character which his paintings then assumed, or by any allusions made in his journal when he went thither in 1521. A visit to the Netherlands would undoubtedly have confirmed his hand in the style of his master, Wolgemut. Christopher Scheurl, writing in 1515, says distinctly that Durer, after working for three years in the school of his neighbour, Wolgemut, passed through Germany and came in 1492 to Colmar, where he was hospitably received and most kindly treated by the goldsmiths, Gaspard and Paul, and also by the painter, Louis, all three being brothers of Martin Schongauer, then deceased. At Basle he was welcomed by George, a member of the same family; and such testimony as this cannot be rejected. We may well believe that, following the example of his brother artists, Albert Durer went from one town to another, staying a longer or shorter time in each place, and working under different masters, according to the improvement which he desired; and that his course would be towards the west. All this is borne out by reference to his name in the lists of Imhoff, which may be trusted when corroborating the assertions of others. Among several pictures attributed in this inventory with more or less weight of authority to Durer are two, long since lost, but mentioned as having been painted in oils on parchment, exactly after the manner at first adopted by that artist. These pictures, as described in the inventory of 1573, point to the period of Albert's absence from home, and name Strasburg as the town in which they were painted. We have likewise from the hand of Durer the representation of a grand square, which certainly did not exist in Nuremberg, but the original of which is rather to be sought within some German town; and to this date also belong two designs, executed in water-colours on parchment, one being a half-length figure of the Infant Saviour, the other a portrait of himself. Our only evidence of the presence of the painter in Venice during the year 1494 comes from slight sketches and from his private letters. It is indirect, but well-nigh conclusive, for in writing from Venice on the 7th of February, 1506, he expressly states that he had been there previously, and dwells upon his surprise at finding how little he could, *after an interval of eleven years*, admire upon closer examination works of art which had given him so much pleasure before—a remark which

would place his first visit exactly in the year 1494, and would show that he could not have stayed long in Venice on that former occasion, when he was only twenty-two years of age. Some pages out of his book of designs, used by him at the same period, fortunately still exist and these contain evident copies of Venetian models, among which are three studies of lions' heads taken from those placed on the left of the Church of St. Mark. Near to these has been drawn an Apollo crowned with laurel, and a long-robed alchemist wearing a Turkish turban, and having a death's head at his hand, along with a crucible on which is written the word *Lutus*; both works are evidently inspired by the associations of Venice. Another page contains etchings from works of art standing in one of the corridors at Florence, and figures which remind us of the style of Francia or of Perugino. On his return to Nuremburg Durer repeated his study of the Turk's head in the design of the *martyrdom of St. John*.

The collection of Ambras at Vienna indicates the probable progress of the painter in his rambles, for it contains a work from his hand of the same date, which bears trace of the school of Mantegna. Lastly, the studies of landscape, of buildings and ancient castles executed by Albert Durer within the few years between his first and second visits to Venice, tell both of his wanderings in the Tyrol and of his recollections of northern Italy. The force and naturalness of his landscape painting placed him in advance of all his contemporaries, the modern love of nature first awoke with Albert Durer, and he viewed in rural scenery the reflection of his own thoughts and feelings, a source to him of the most healthy and refreshing emotions. The attraction to such subjects, which he had first learnt in foreign travel, he indulged during his frequent leisure moments in early life after his return to Nuremberg, and he delighted in such short excursions into the surrounded country as supplied him with many pleasing sketches. Notwithstanding this, the more that Albert progressed in his art and felt the creative power strong within him, the less time or thought did he give to the cultivation of landscape painting, although he was none the less alive to the charms of country and still life; and when depicting these he spared no pains but copied nature most minutely in order to do so with true exactness. It gives a very peculiar character to the life of this artist to be obliged thus to trace out one event after another by the mere dates of his

pictures and by the gradual development of his style, but the scanty notes of his journal leave us no other alternative.

A fresh and very striking portrait of himself best marks out for us an important step in life which he now took at an early age. Goethe has entered into a long description of the painter's appearance as his own pencil depicted him in 1493, when twenty-two years old. He is dressed with especial care and richness more like a gallant of the time, and each detail is studiously worked in. This elegantly attired young man holds in his hand a blue eryngo, a flower which in Germany is typical of conjugal fidelity. When we add that the canvas behind the figure bears this inscription: *My fortunes obey the course marked out for them by Heaven*, we need but little to connect the painting and presenting of this picture with his entrance on the married state. Of this there is the usual laconic and matter of fact intimation in Albert's journal: "When I had come back, Hans Frey arranged the terms with my father and bestowed on me his daughter, named Agnes, who received a dowry of two hundred florins. The marriage took place on the 16th of July in the year 1494." It was in this business way that alliances were carried out at that period, and in all probability the prudent father had made all the necessary arrangements beforehand, and only recalled his son when they were nearly completed. Albert Durer, senior, had good reason to congratulate himself on this new connection, for the family of Hans Frey was not of the artisan class, but one of those which combined noble rank with a mercantile life, and which, without sharing in the oligarchical government of Nuremberg, was regarded as in many respects quite on a par with the families of the councillors themselves. Hans Frey was personally rich and well esteemed, he possessed property in the town, and farms beyond it, and his wife was descended from a family of the first position. The talents of the rising artist must have been a strong recommendation in his favour with a man who was himself an accomplished musician and mechanician, and he had frequent opportunities of seeing Agnes Frey at the house of her kinsman Sebald. After holding several lucrative offices, Hans had a mind to join the small army which the Council equipped in 1507 for the Emperor Maximilian, when it was his ambition to be crowned in Rome, and Durer himself at one time thought of following in the escort of the Prince. In 1517 his father-in-law fell into bad health, as he notes in

his journal, and after being afflicted with a long illness and many heavy troubles for six years, died in the November of 1523, leaving behind him Agnes, Albert's wife, and Catherine, married in 1503 to Martin Zinner, an opulent widower. The latter lost her husband first, and as she and her sister both died childless, she inherited afterwards the house of Albert Durer.

Albert's marriage benefited considerably his worldly position, and the lady of his father's choice was good looking, as several portraits by her husband's hand testify, one of them representing her as very richly dressed. She appears to have stood as a model for more than one figure in Durer's designs, and under different characters and modes of dress he makes her figure typical of the habits of life in his native town, having written on these pictures with his own hand, as though only half in earnest: "It is thus that we compose ourselves in a house at Nuremberg;" and, "Think of me often in your empire 1500. This is the way in which we prepare for going to church;" and once more, "In this way do the ladies of Nuremberg attire for the dance." The circumstances under which these illustrations, chiefly of costume, were painted are indicative of the entire and settled affection existing in the married life of this young couple, and yet the diseased imagination and spiteful pen of one old man has succeeded in finding ready acceptance of the calumny that Durer was as unblessed in his wife as Socrates, and is to be placed side by side with Paul Potter and Pinturicchio. Willibald Pirckheimer, the learned and accomplished councillor, and bosom friend of Albert Durer, had become at the time of the great painter's death a confirmed invalid, soured in mind and crippled in body by a complication of diseases during the last twelve years of his life. According to the tastes of the time and place he was an enthusiastic collector of curiosities, and had an envious craving after the possession of the best specimens of horns and antlers that could be procured. He remembered well in Albert Durer's collection a magnificent set, which he longed to have, and for which he would have paid any price. But, and here came the unpardonable grievance, these very antlers Durer's widow had sold secretly for a mere nominal sum, and had neither previously consulted her late husband's friend, nor shown the slightest regard for his known desire to possess them. This grievance he thought over in bitterness of heart, until he worked himself into a state of furious passion. He wrote to John Tscherte, residing as architect of the Emperor

at Vienna, a long and wordy letter which never reached him, but which found its way into the municipal library of Nuremberg. It was dated November, 1530, within but a few weeks of his death, and entered upon no other subject than this terrible aggravation which had excited the bitterest and most spiteful feelings within him, and had warped and blinded his judgment. The sting is however in the last part of his letter, wherein he four times accuses Albert Durer's wife of having worried to death by her malignant temper so dearly loved a friend of everyone as her husband was.

Pirkheimer's accusations contradict one another, and are opposed to facts. He accuses her of never allowing her husband to seek the slightest recreation by going out to see his friends, whereas it is known that up to 1526 Durer regularly attended the Councillor's banquets, after which time, because of failing health, Agnes, as her duty required, dissuaded him from going much out. Another accusation is that through avarice and covetousness, she was constantly urging her husband to work beyond his strength, and that this she further weakened by inducing him to practise the privations which she chose to impose upon herself. Durer had, on the contrary, for long placed reputation and the progress of art as the motives before him in his work, rather than the accumulation of a fortune; besides which he devoted much of his time to literary studies, which a covetous wife certainly could not have imagined to be lucrative. Pirkheimer adds that he had often besought Agnes to curb her impatient, suspicious temper, and that he had gained nothing but ingratitude in return for his warning admonitions. This reveals the existence of a long-standing quarrel between them, from which Durer himself must have suffered, and the excuse for this grudge which Pirkheimer gives by no means strengthens his position when he says that Albert's wife was hostile to every one who esteemed or sought the company of her husband, and that she thus caused him the deepest affliction. This is hardly reconcilable with the qualities which, in spite of his dislike and aversion, he seems forced to attribute to Agnes and to her sister, of uprightness, honour, piety, and the fear of God. It is significant of the temper and spirit of unfairness in which his accusations are made, that the writer has nothing but abuse and exaggeration for every subject on which he touches in his letters, and the same disposition he showed at that time to all his friends; indeed he was through life irritable

and hard to please. Yet the letter we have referred to is absolutely the only source of a calumny against the wife of Albert Durer and of a dark shadow cast over his whole married life, which has been too readily believed and accepted since his day, and which is rendered highly incredible by the following general facts.

Instead of residing with his wife's parents, as was the custom in Nuremberg, Durer seems to have taken his young wife to his father's house, where they were still living in 1502, for in mentioning the death of his father, he describes Agnes as running in all haste to his chamber to awaken him. He had now to support his mother and the whole family, and felt this no light burden. We find Durer always speaking disparagingly of his own means, though at this time, of course, he had little enough to spare, and was even obliged to run into debt. Two kinds of *employés* caused him trouble, the artists who worked under him and did not fulfil their engagements, and the colporteurs who could not always remit to him the proceeds of the engravings supplied to them for sale. In his own town the painter sometimes sold his works himself; it appears probable that his wife did this for him at fairs and Church feasts in neighbouring and more distant towns, as in Frankfort, to which her husband evidently alludes. He also wrote many letters to her from Venice on the occasion of his second visit, at which place we find him, according to his wont, depreciating the value of his actual gains, since he was not only able to pay his debts, but to relieve somewhat the mortgage on his own house. From this date his income rapidly increased, and leaving the old paternal mansion, which he had hitherto shared with his brother Andrew, he bought for himself a spacious house, that still bears his name. In the journal kept by him during his subsequent travel in the Low Countries we find depicted his true life and character, and there alone do we trace the terms on which he really lived with his wife. Yet not one single indication have we of the least misunderstanding or disagreement between them; he again complains of losses, but the only real anxiety he need have had was how to invest with greatest profit the sums which he had gathered in. The most conclusive argument of all against the attack of Pirkheimer on Agnes Durer is the generosity and perfect disinterestedness of her whole action after the death of her husband, which in the absence both of children and of a will left her in sole actual possession of all his property,

though after her death one-fourth part devolved conjointly on Albert's two surviving brothers. Yet on the 9th of June, 1530, the widow signed an agreement by which she at once paid over more than 553 florins to each brother, and offered to secure the remaining portion of the fourth part by a mortgage on the house of her late husband; his other mansion she reserved for herself. It was only after this most handsome division of property, out of regard for her husband's relatives and for his own memory, that she committed the one single act of indiscretion in the matter of the stag's horns, by refusing a courtesy to which she was in no way bound, and which she might easily feel she had very good reason for withholding, but which she little imagined was to rob her of her own fair name with posterity. That she was unjustly traduced we now see ample reason for believing.

The two chief incidents in the life of Albert Durer were his visit to the Low Countries and his second sojourn in Venice. Neither change had the effect of modifying his style. Each one, on the contrary, rather followed upon than preceded a very marked development of his genius. In Venice, as elsewhere, he had to fight the old, as well as modern, battle against fraudulent and spurious imitators of his works, and while the authorities at Nuremberg defended his rights of ownership, their prohibition could not go beyond the illegal adoption of his monogram. From Venice he wrote in February, 1506: "Many of the Venetian painters are opposed to me and try to repeat my designs in churches or wherever they can find them. This done they depreciate them and call them worthless, as not being modelled after the antique." His fame as an artist was now too firmly established to be affected by such assailants; and his reply was given with calm self-possession. In truth, although the fear of the dangerous epidemic which had lately broken out drove him from Nuremberg, it was the resolution of the magistrates to rebuild and decorate on a magnificent scale the *Fondaco dei Tedeschi*, which drew his steps a second time to Venice. That work was placed in the hands of the German architect Hieronymus from Augsburg, the merchants of which place were influential in Venice, as were also those from Nuremberg, and it seemed easy to obtain for Albert Durer the commission to paint an altar-piece for the subsidiary church of St. Bartholomew. A letter dated January the 6th, 1506, announces the commencement of this undertaking, which had probably been

arranged before his coming, and the acceptance of which he soon regretted, when he discovered how great his fame had already grown. Notwithstanding these drawbacks, Durer seems to have thoroughly enjoyed his sojourn in Venice, and to have found many of the Italians most kindly disposed towards him, as he expresses himself to his friend and patron Pirkheimer. He was evidently very unwilling to leave, and amused himself by learning a smattering of Italian. He even had the vanity to adopt the fashionable dress of the period, and to attend dancing lessons, though he did not neglect the more useful acquisition of the knowledge of Latin. This, no doubt, laid the foundation of his reputation as a writer and savant among painters.

While engaged in learning his art and establishing his position, Durer was prevented from following the natural bent of his mind, which led him afterwards to show his interest in the affairs of his native town by seeking admission into the Grand Council. The acknowledgment of his great merit thus made by his fellow-citizens was followed up by the first commission which it intrusted to him. He received an order to execute two portraits of the Emperor Charlemagne and King Sigismund for the chamber in which the great relics of the town were deposited on the night preceding the feast of the holy relics. But still more advantageous for him was a visit of some days paid to Nuremberg by Maximilian the First, in the year 1512, as during that time he had some interviews with him, and obtained the lion's share in the imperial commissions issued, which resulted in the production of the famous work of art called *The Triumph*. The members of the Grand Council rejoiced in the favour manifested by the Emperor towards their townsman, and in testimony of their sympathy they requested him to attend, along with the two official representatives of Nuremberg, the memorable Diet, held at Augsburg in 1518. During the following year Maximilian died, and the painter found himself by that sudden event deprived of the sum of two hundred florins promised for his work, he was however fortunate enough to secure the continuance of a pension of one hundred florins already settled on him. As soon as Albert Durer heard that Charles the Fifth had been elected Emperor in place of his grandfather, he hastened to the Netherlands in 1520, that he might in person beg from Charles a confirmation of the patronage accorded by his predecessor. This seems to have been the last occasion on which he saw the Emperor or had any intercourse with the savants of Charles' Court.

On leaving home, accompanied by his wife, for the pest was still raging at Nuremberg, Antwerp was the first point that Durer made for. There the sale of his works of art would cover his expenses, and there he could best approach the men of wealth and position, whose interest he sought. After being well received by the Bishop of Bamberg, he proceeded through Mayence to Frankfort, and thence, being courteously entertained everywhere, he passed on to Boppard and Cologne. When recounting this journey his notes are full, containing the most detailed items of expenditure, but varying very much in length, and not following any particular order, for he had no intention of publishing them. During his whole stay at Antwerp he lodged quietly at the hotel of a certain Plankfelt, to one of whose children Durer's wife stood godmother. He took his meals generally with his host, though his wife and servant lived in the upper part of the house, and cooked for themselves, apparently for the sake of economy. On Sunday, the 5th of August, the Corporation of Painters gave to him, his wife, and servant a grand public dinner in their hall, the wives of the artists being also present. When the guest of the evening was seated, the syndic of the town arrived, followed by two lackeys, bearing four goblets of wine, which were presented in the name of the Council. Similar compliments were paid to the artist in many different towns, testifying to the wide-spread of his fame, and these he carefully recorded. On his first visit to Antwerp he made the acquaintance of Erasmus, of whom he was to see more afterwards, and he was also taken greatly into favour by the Archduchess Margaret, both an artist and a patroness of art. In August he went as far as Malines and Brussels, and having always had a taste for drawing rare animals and even monstrosities, he particularly noted at Brussels the gigantic skeleton of an antediluvian animal. In September he returned to Antwerp as the arrival of the young Emperor was near at hand. In the cause of the confirmation of his own pension Durer followed Charles to the various towns through which he passed on his progress to the place of his coronation. Thus he visited Maestricht and Aix-la-Chapelle in October, and on the 25th of that month Charles was crowned. On the 28th, at Cologne, he gained the ratification desired, and it is to his notes while there that we owe the information that the famous inclosed picture of the Cathedral was painted by Stephan Lochner towards the middle of the fifteenth century.

On the 14th of November, Durer slowly descended the

Rhine by way of Wahal as far as Nimeguen, but was forced by a violent storm to leave the stream of the Meuse, and travel on horseback to Bois-le-Duc. The 22nd of the month found him once more at Antwerp, and the news that a large whale had been cast by a storm on the shore of Zealand drew him off on an excursion to Zierizee. At Berg-op-Zoom he bought a fine kerchief to form a head-dress for his wife, and after his return he painted a fresh portrait of her, wearing his present. About this time he met with a perilous adventure. At the moment that their boat was about to land them, the cable having been already thrown to those on shore, a large vessel came violently into collision, and their cable snapped. Allowing the crowd of passengers to leave the boat before him, Durer saw the boat driven into the open sea by a sudden squall, while none were left on board with him save George Kotzler (a fellow-townsmen), two old women, the captain, and a little boy. None dared to answer to their cry of distress, and yet the strong wind was forcing them further from the shore. The captain did nothing but tear his hair and bemoan himself at being thus abandoned by his crew, and only increased the alarm of the rest. Durer and his friend stirred him up to do the best he could, and assisted him to hoist the sail, which having been done with the utmost difficulty, land was at length regained. Albert took part in the diversions of the carnival at Antwerp during the following February, and dined along with his wife as the guest of the Company of the Engravers, being delighted both with the repast and with the great honour conferred upon him. The Corporation of the Mercers ordered him to prepare a design for a rich chasuble; thus during his expeditions he was ever busy with his pencil or burin, and in proportion as he extended his acquaintance the prices for his work were advanced. When spring drew nigh, Durer began to think of returning home. He bought souvenirs for his friends, and sent them on before him to Nuremberg, as he wished to see Bruges and Ghent for the sake of the treasures of art stored there. In Bruges he was again entertained at a corporation banquet by the painters, and many distinguished men of several professions were assembled to meet him. Ghent showed itself quite as courteous, and the painter returned the compliment by commending the cheerful and picturesque character of the town. Having stayed at Antwerp to see the magnificent procession of Corpus Christi, Durer sent off a fresh package of different objects to his native town, and went once more to Malines

and Cologne, but failed this time to please the Archduchess Margaret. The King of Denmark, however, Christian the Second, sent for him to Brussels to paint his portrait, invited him to dine with him, and treated him with especial favour, admitting him to several royal banquets. At last Durer really set out for Nuremberg, and at this point his journal comes to an end.

Hitherto we have not felt called upon to allude to the painful and unexpected cloud which darkens the concluding years of Albert Durer's life, and to the Catholic heart casts a blot on his otherwise fair memory. We may well wish that he had been as faithful to the Church as he was to his native city of Nuremberg. Many celebrated painters have turned their backs on the place of their birth, yet when, in the year 1524, Durer asked the Grand Council to accept from him the sum of one thousand florins, and pay him simply the interest upon it, he could justly boast of a fidelity to Nuremberg which had rejected many a handsome offer made to him if he would only settle down at Venice, at Antwerp, or at other towns, while he had during thirty years received only such orders from his own city as would amount in all to five hundred florins. Notwithstanding this, he preferred to live modestly on a limited income within his beloved country, rather than enjoy riches and honours elsewhere. Would that he had been as true to his faith, but he belonged to a town which had been one of the first to adopt the principles of the "Reformation," and which carried them to the extremest length. He enjoyed the full favour and patronage of the most intellectual men in Nuremberg and throughout Germany, and was more especially influenced by such unauthorized and unguided speculators in matters of faith as the savant Pirkheimer, Spengler, a lawyer, styled the "Reformer of Nuremberg," Erasmus, and the astronomer Kratzer, until he became the admiring disciple of Luther and of Melancthon. The influence of such men helped to foster in him a taste for fantastic, symbolical conceits, illustrated by subjects drawn from pagan mythology, as tending to develope a truer and purer intellectual activity. Thus instead of, like a good Catholic, representing Jerome, as a great saint and doctor of the Church, he made his portraiture of him serve as a type or allegory of a certain mystic temperament of mind. The Protestant biographer of Albert Durer allows that his new attraction to "philosophical speculations and profound meditations" had nothing to do with religion, for he confesses that

the commissions given by the Emperor Maximilian and the influence of his Court "drew the artist further and further away from those religious compositions in which he had been heretofore absorbed," into the choice of "subtle and symbolical subjects." The same authority admits that Durer latterly abandoned high art, and devoted himself to thoroughly humanized portraits, hoping thus to impart earthly immortality to his friends. In one of his latest religious paintings we are pained to find him sacrificing Scriptural facts to the fervour of his Protestantism, by placing St. Peter in a secondary position to St. Paul; while the last of all, a picture of the Nativity, is as cold and lifeless in conception, as it is quaint and stiff in its execution. And if we turn from the indication of his new religious views afforded by his paintings to the sentiments expressed in his own journal and letters we find how thoroughly he had entangled himself with all the religious questions and false theology of the day. We see too how much his feelings of piety and humility had become warped in the dictatorial addresses which he pens under the name of prayers to God. The only redeeming point is that the great artist never lost the natural gentleness and amiability of his disposition, and was both pained and alarmed by the excesses and malignant animosities which soon broke out amongst the would-be reformers of religion, though he failed to draw the one true and salutary lesson of their falseness.

Albert Durer died suddenly during Holy Week, on the 6th of April, 1528, at the age of fifty-six. He had never been a strong man, and had complained of frequent passing illnesses. He escaped the ravages of the pest by quitting Nuremberg for the Netherlands, but the dampness of the climate, the fatigues of travel, and a too keen enjoyment of the hospitalities constantly offered him in those countries laid, even in 1521, the seeds of a fatal malady. Intermittent fever gradually impaired his health, and wasted his frame; and he himself evidently felt that he had not long to live. Probably no one except his wife was present to close his eyes, and no authentic account is handed down of his last moments. The silence of the tomb descended quickly on his premature old age, and has left us without record of any reconciliation with the Church to brighten our last thoughts of one of the greatest designers and engravers of his age.

J. G. McL.

Gleanings among Old Records.

[WE are about from time to time to lay before our readers some old papers and documents which have been, or may be, placed at our disposal by various kind friends. The paper with which we begin has been communicated to us by Mr. Maxwell Stuart, of Traquair House, Innerleithen. It is signed A.M., and seems to have been the work of Alexander Moore, *alias* Middleton, Priest of the Scotch Mission from 1695—1706 and from 1707 till after the battle of Sheriffmuir.]

I.—A MARTYRDOM IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

In the year 1701, in the month of March, I cannot condescend upon the day, I was called down to the gate of St. Clement's College in Prague by the Duke of Roxbrough's then gentleman; the Duke was then on his travels returning to Britain from Rome, where his Grace had been in the time of the Jubilee. I perceived a youth speaking to the porter of the College; by his dress I knew him to be a Jew, and some considerable man's son. Soon after, I saw the boy conveyed upstairs to the Rector. He made his addresses boldly to him, requesting he might be admitted to the catechumens' house, in order to be instructed in the Christian religion and receive Baptism. They asked his name, he answered his name was Abel, only son to Abel Abely. This Abel Abely was one of the most considerable in rank and fortune among the Jews then in Prague, where there are ordinarily four score thousand souls living by themselves, in a town called the Jewish Town, about a musket shot distant from the Christian adjacent city, called the Old Town.

The Rector having called his Consultors, they asked Abely who had advised him to turn Christian; he answered that it was Mary, the Mother of Christ. They insisted, and asked him when and where, he replied, on such a day, naming the day, I was with my Christian companions in our Tennis court, after our play, and before we parted, at the great pillar in the market-place, I heard her speak, desiring me to be baptized. They asked again if the other boys his companions had also heard her speaking to him, he said he knew nothing of that, but sure he was, he had himself heard her distinctly, and that since that time, his companions were daily advising him to come with them to the College. It was resolved Abely should be sent that evening to the catechumens' house, and one Mr. Priest, director of that house, was desired to carry him thither, which he did.

Abel, the father, with others of his gang, understanding where his son Abely was, sent one morning by the break of day (when the landlord and landlady of the catechumens' house were at Divine Service), two clever young fellows dignified in Christian habit, to the catechumen's house. They called for Abely, and said they were sent to fetch him to the College to speak to Mr. Priester. The servant of the house alleged it was proper they should wait till the landlord returned from church, but they pretended haste, and immediately took hold of the boy, not above twelve years of age, and without any resistance or noise made by him, as supposing he was going to the College, they made off with him, and by byways carried him to the Jewish Town. The landlord and servant, fearing a reproof, gave out that of his own accord he was gone back to the Jews, as some others had done before. About a month thereafter, an old Vespillo (so they call such as bury the dead among the Jews) came to the College, called for Mr. Priester, and said to him that if he was well rewarded he would inform him what was become of young Abely. The gentleman promised to satisfy him, upon which he told him that the youth, about a month ago, was stolen back to his father's house, and soon after conveyed to his uncle's, a Rabbin of the synagogue, called by name Curtchansel; that there, for three weeks he was confined in diet to brown bread and water, and all that time with threatenings and stripes to renounce Christianity and be what he was before, alleging that he was not as yet baptized. But Abely constantly answered (instructed so in the catechumens' house), that he had rather be baptized in his own blood than fail in the firm resolution he had taken of dying a Christian. The Vespillo added that Abely was brought back to his father's house, and that he had good ground to believe that he had been soon after crucified by his uncle's hands; for the next day, said he, I was called to Al: clin: house, and ordered to open a grave of such and such dimensions, and being well acquainted with Abely's family and all his relations, understood by their ceremonies and mourning that it was young Abely's corpse was to fill the grave I had opened. All these particulars the Vespillo related to Mr. Priester the next day after the interment. He was kept two days within the precinct of the College.

Mr. Priester acquainted the Rector, who immediately informed Count Breiner, then Archbishop of Prague. The Archbishop took coach immediately, with the Rector and went to the Governor's lodging Count Tawn, and related to him the whole accusation. Next morning the Governor ordered a regiment of the garrison to be in the Market-place opposite to the Jewish Town, and Jews were advertised (as is usual on such occasions of parade) to keep within doors: then a company was detached to old Abely's house, seized the old man, the mother and a servant-maid. The Rabbin Curtchansel, the uncle, was also apprehended in his own house; they were carried to four different apartments in the Town Prison. Meantime, another party was detached with the old Vespillo to the grave, where young Abely's corpse was

found, as fresh as when alive, though the fourth day after the interment. The body was brought to the great hall of the Town House, where it lay above four weeks in state, attended night and day by several religious persons of different Orders, with a considerable guard of soldiers standing in the hall.

The Archbishop, with a great company of nobility of both sexes came to visit the body. They saw the martyr's wounds in his hands and feet, fresh bleeding; a surgeon was ordered to open a vein in the martyr's arm, the blood sprung out as fresh, as from a living body. All the bystanders received the blood in their handkerchiefs of which I kept a share myself for a long time, till obliged to part with it to a special friend in town. Persons of quality, officers and ladies, for ornament, heaped ribbons from swords and breasts upon the place where the body lay. The prisoners in their separate confinements were examined by appointed Judges. The servant-maid confessed the whole fact, as above. The mother, on promise of life, and a suitable maintenance out of her husband's effects, confessed the same. Old Abel, the father, informed of all that had passed, even by the mother confronted and exhorting him to confess, was next morning found dead, hanging from the iron bars of his prison windows, on a leather belt which he always wore about him, and where the Jews in Bohemia keep in parchment the ten commandments. The uncle, the Rabbin, stiffly persisted in denying all, till afterwards when brought to the place of execution.

Meantime, orders were sent from the Imperial Court in Vienna to bury the martyr's body as the Archbishop should judge most proper, wherefore, on the day appointed, the body was conveyed by sixteen boys, all children of persons of quality and of the same age with the martyr; they were clothed in long scarlet cloaks with laurels round their heads—I myself was one of those that attended them. All the religious communities in the three cities of Prague, all the parish priests with their chaplains, the canons of the Cathedral Church, with their Archbishop at their head, together with a vast multitude of people following with tears of joy made up the funeral pomp, and accompanied the corpse to the great Church of our Blessed Lady in the Market-place, where Abely was interred in St. John the Baptist's Chapel, the Archbishop standing by. A baluster of iron was fixed round the tomb to prevent the populace encroaching upon the sacred depositum.

All this time, and long after, the Rabbin Curtchansel was still denying the fact. He was often visited in his prison by a notable person of the College, named Mr. Nonner, who was familiarly acquainted with the Rabbin before that time, and well versed in the Jewish Liturgy and customs. For half a year, great interest was made with the Jewish gold, to hinder further prosecution against him; till at length orders came from the Court of Vienna to execute the criminal as guilty of crucifying young Abely his nephew with his own hands. He was condemned to be broke alive on the wheel, and after

a certain time, marked in the sentence, to get the stroke of grace on the breast. The day appointed, he was brought to the place of execution; Mr. Nonner attending him in hopes of his conversion. In the sight of an innumerable multitude of people come from all parts of the kingdom, he had first his legs and arms broken, then the stroke of grace was given him according to the sentence; but to the great amazement of all the beholders, it was of no effect, it rebounded from his breast like a drum-stick from the drum. The stroke was repeated thirteen times, but still in vain, though one stroke was enough to kill the strongest man.

Meantime, Mr. Nonner was still exhorting the criminal. At length he yielded, and having called the judges near him, he said to them, "All your endeavour to take away my life is in vain, till such time as I am baptized: I must die a true penitent Christian; I see the young Abely above me in a bright cloud imploring mercy for me, and begging of the Almighty my conversion." Then addressing his words to Mr. Nonner, he asked if he had water ready to baptize him; he answered he had. Then he confessed publicly to the judges the article of being the main instrument of the little martyr Abely's death; and made a private confession to Mr. Nonner of his other sins, and was baptized by him and called John. When all was done, he desired the executioner to do his duty, and after the first stroke, he forthwith expired.

This relation, a few days after the burial, was printed more at large in Latin by Mr. William Doworsky, then senior decanus of the Faculty of Divinity in Prague, and sent to the Emperor Leopold, as his Imperial Majesty required. The Latin was some time after the Rabbin's death turned into high German, with an Appendix of what passed betwixt him and Mr. Nonner, when in prison, with an account of all that passed in the day of his execution. And I perused both the relations.

A.M.

African Discoveries: Old and New.

AMID the brilliant achievements of those discoverers who in our day are throwing open to us the interior of the "Dark Continent," we are presented with two totally opposite views as to the performances of earlier workers in the same field.

Dr. Petermann,¹ in speaking of the latest and most notable discoveries of Mr. Stanley, takes occasion to tell us with regard to those of the Portuguese and of Catholic missionaries in general that they must be set down as "infinitesimally small, beggarly, untrustworthy, and for a Christian work simply shameful."²

On the other hand Commander Cameron³ writes: "The existence of a wonderful lake-system in Central Africa . . . seems to have been known to the ancients, and if not actually ascertained was at all events conjectured by the earlier European explorers of Africa. Latterly this lake-system has been replaced in the ideas of geographers by expanses of desert. *The suppositions of the first Portuguese travellers and missionaries are wonderfully near the truth*, and maps of Africa of two hundred years ago gave, a far more accurate idea of the interior of the Continent than those of this century, before the eyes of the world were opened by the discussion of old travels, the theories of Mr. Cooley and the discoveries of Burton and Livingstone."

Which of these conflicting authorities is right? The scientific philosopher in his study at Gotha, or the young naval officer who walked across the interior of that continent which is in dispute?

In order to answer this question we must first recall the

¹ *Mittheilungen*, November 21st, 1877, p. 466. We have already (April, 1878) noticed this assertion of Dr. Petermann, but on that occasion it was beside our purpose to do more than notice it.

² "Verschwindend gering, dürftig, unzuverlässig, ja für ein christliches Werk schmachvoll."

³ *Across Africa*, vol. ii. p. 302.

chief features of African geography as actually known—a subject already treated in this magazine.⁴

The system of the four great African rivers—the Niger, the Nile, the Zambesi, and the Congo—may now be said to be mapped out with tolerable certainty. Among the three last named (with which chiefly is our present concern) a glance at the map appended will show how much of the Continent is to be assigned as a basin to each. The head waters of the Nile are in the Nyanza lakes situated between $2\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ N. and $2\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ S. latitude, and (speaking roughly) between the 30th and 35th meridians of E. longitude. From the great reservoirs of these inland seas is drawn the normal stream of the Egyptian River, though not the waters of its annual flood, which come from the Abyssinian tributaries⁵ through the melting of the snow upon the mountains.

The Congo's highest waters are the Tschambesi River and Lake Bangweolo; but it seems clear that it is connected by the Lukuga River, with the enormous Lake Tanganyika, which extends (pretty nearly in the meridian of 30 E.) from nearly 3° to 7° S. latitude. Besides these two there are various other lakes—Mweru, Kamalondo, Kassali, and Lohemba—which have been either found or heard to exist in the course of the river itself or of its upper tributaries: the whole of these waters forming another lacustrine region extending from 3° to 12° S. latitude and from 20° to 32° E. longitude.

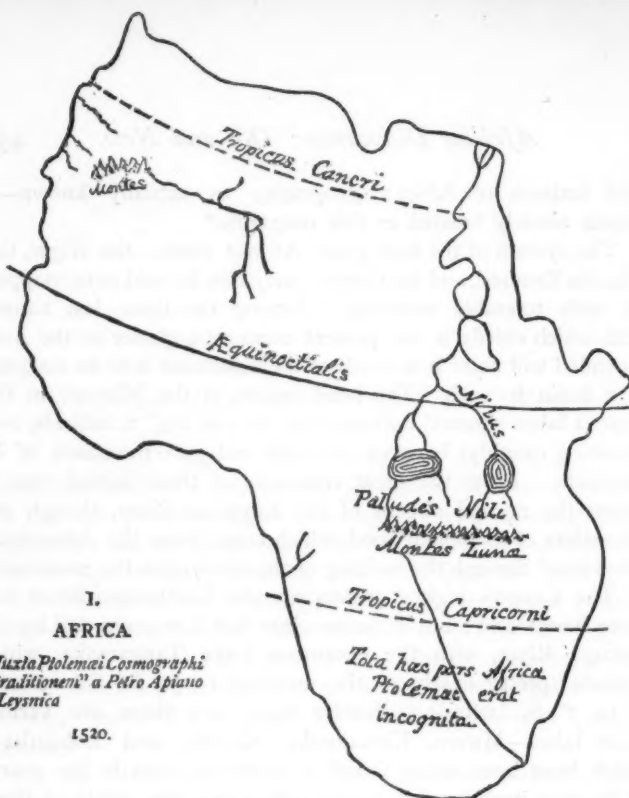
As to the Zambesi, it takes its rise from the watershed whose largest piece of water is the comparatively small Lake Dilolo; but which abounds in water-supplies from the large swamps and marshes which link its head waters to those of the Congo tributaries. In the rainy season, according to Cameron,⁶ the water lies "waist deep" over all these regions, making it hard to determine the water-parting. Of large lakes the Zambesi system includes the Nyassa, although the Shiré River, which connects these waters, falls into the Zambesi only towards its mouth.

Seemingly something of the same confusion of water-partings which obtains, as above stated, between the Zambesi and Congo systems, obtains likewise between the Congo and the Nile; that is to say, between Lake Tanganyika and the Nyanzas there is another swampy region—a great sponge—whose waters drain

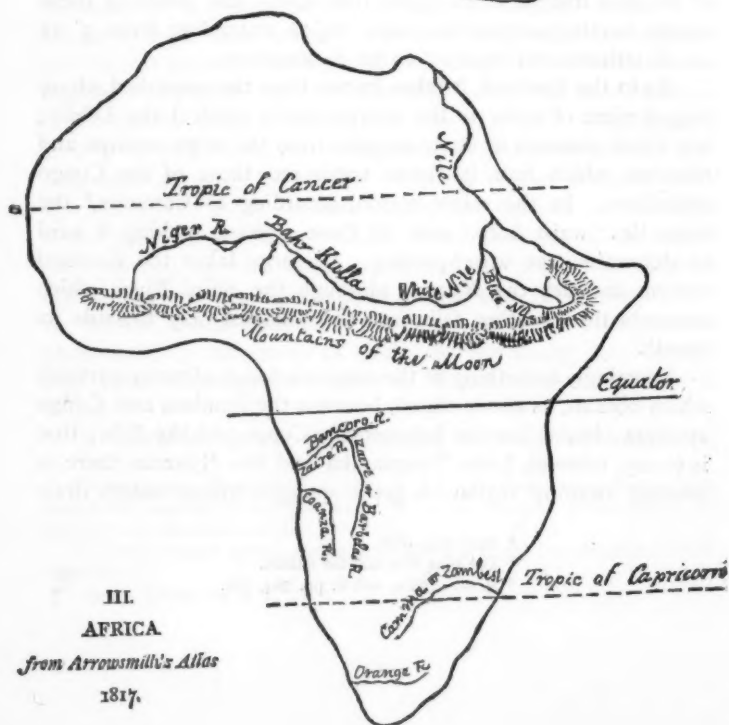
⁴ April 9th, 1878.

⁵ The Blue Nile and the Atbara.

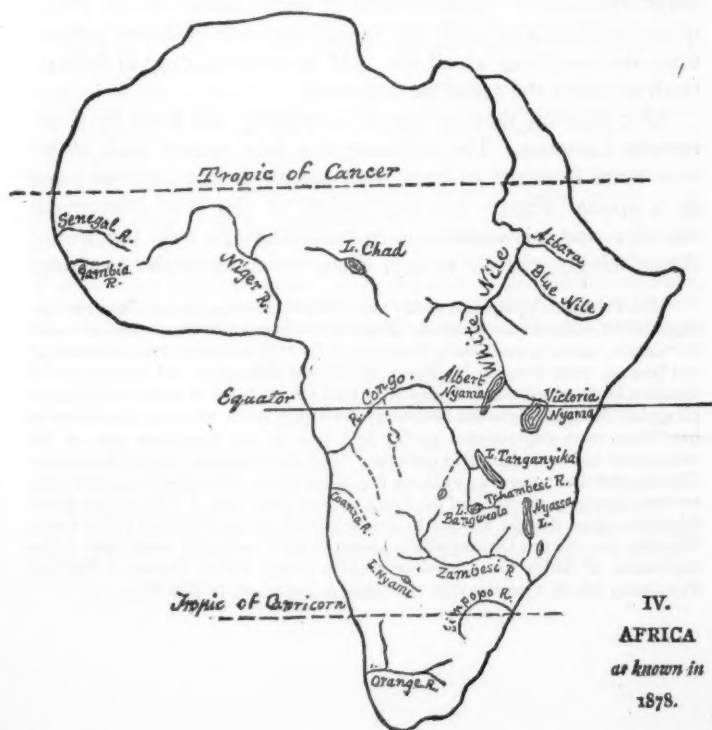
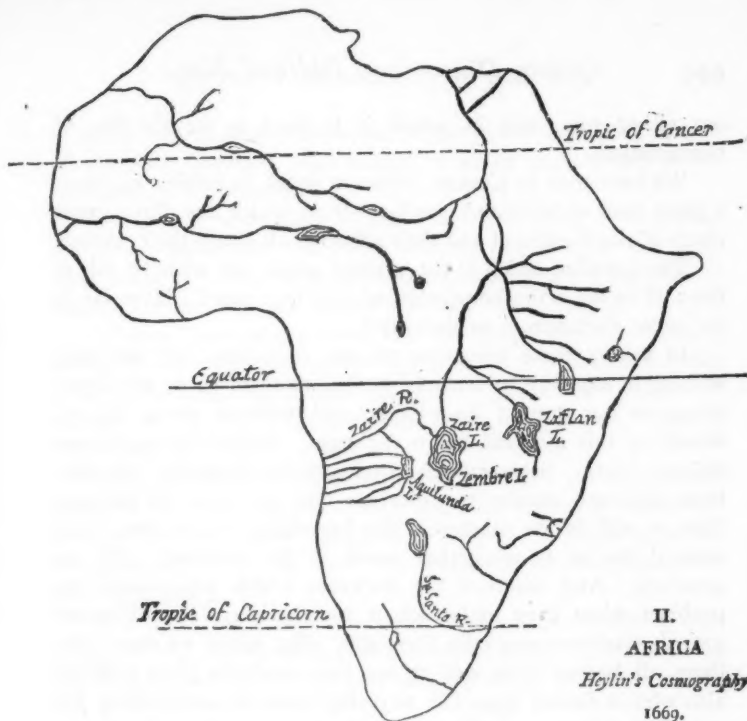
⁶ *Across Africa*, vol. ii. pp. 284, 317.



I.
AFRICA
"Juxta Ptolemæ Cosmographi
traditionem" a Petro Apiano
Leysnica
1520.



III.
AFRICA
from Arrowsmill's Atlas
1817.



out either way, and in which it is hard to fix the line of demarcation.

We have thus in Central Africa a great lacustrine region—a great tract of lakes and marshes—from which the three great rivers of the Continent and their affluents all draw their waters.

The question which in the present paper we wish to ask is this: How far is the knowledge of this fact new? How far is its recent disclosure a rediscovery?

In asking these questions we are, of course, very far from wishing in any way to detract from the merit of those who have given us our present knowledge, and without whose aid we should at this moment be in darkness. Burton, Speke, Grant, Baker, Barth, Schweinfurth, Livingstone, Cameron, Stanley, have achieved results too glorious and too solid to gainsay. New or old in its substance, the knowledge which they have secured for us is altogether novel in its certainty and its accuracy. And whether the darkness which enshrouded the problem when they undertook it were primeval or of recent growth, darkness assuredly there was. But while we must give them all honour it is well to see that credit be given to those also who in former ages did anything towards anticipating the same information. And when, as in the example of Dr. Petermann,⁷ we find it so explicitly denied that men of former generations did anything at all, we hold it to be the duty of historic truth to weigh the assertion accurately.

Our position then is that so admirably laid down by Commander Cameron. The existence of a lake system such as we now know it seems to have been known to the ancients; and in a special degree the supposition of the first Portuguese travellers and missionaries were "astonishingly near the truth." Astonishingly, that is to say, when we consider the teachings

⁷ Dr. Petermann's judgment in this matter would almost seem to be in a measure suggested by national considerations. In the article from which the above cited words are taken he begins by proclaiming Stanley to be the "Bismarck of African Discovery," and later on, when bringing his charge against the Portuguese and missionaries of slackness in the sacred cause of geography, from the whole list of modern explorers to pit against them, he singles out his countryman Henry Barth, whom he pronounces to have done more single-handed in this field than all the Portuguese and all the missionaries had accomplished in centuries. Two considerations suggest themselves. The first that the Portuguese, whatever they failed to do, undoubtedly surveyed with creditable accuracy the whole of the South African coast line—a performance which might have been thought at least to counterbalance the performances of Dr. Barth. The other that the first German who is known to have personally contributed to the exploration of Africa was a missionary and a monk, Father Krump, a Bavarian Franciscan, who in 1700 and 1701 penetrated to Senaar on the Blue Nile.

of more recent authorities—the map-makers and geographers of our own boyhood, and indeed of times considerably more recent than that period.

Let us see what that recent view was. The sketch map which we reproduce from *Arrowsmith's Geography* will help us to recall it;⁸ and the words of some among the geographical teachers of the time will be the best mode of stating it.

"Africa," says Malte-Brun⁹ in a strange passage which seems hardly to contain any truths which are not truisms, "Africa situated beneath the tropic offers throughout the contrast of aridity or fertility,¹⁰ of populous cities or immense deserts. *Two-thirds are tracts of rock and seas of sand.*"¹¹

"Africa," says M. Bouillet,¹² "is situated almost entirely beneath the torrid zone: hence the heat there is scorching. *A large portion of the Continent is composed of burning plains filled with fine shifting sand and sprinkled with a few green oases far apart.*"¹³

Still more explicitly writes Mr. Bell in his *System of Geography*:¹⁴ "Everywhere the barren sand seems to be obliterating the features of this Continent, and threatens to reduce all to

⁸ With regard to these maps—which are intended to serve no higher purpose than that of aids to the memory—it may be well to make one or two remarks. No. I. is taken from a curious old wood-engraved *mappemonde*, for the use of which we are indebted to the courtesy of Sir Paul Molesworth. The projection on which it is drawn is so very peculiar that we have not ventured to interfere with it and have traced Africa just as it stands. This quarter of the globe we may observe is given with considerably more resemblance to the original than any other—Europe included. This, however, can be said only of the Continent, for strange liberties are taken with the islands: "Madagastar" being not only altogether transformed in shape, but transplanted well out into the Indian Ocean, with an island labelled Zanzibar to the S.E. of it; while, by way of compensation, there is a perfect cloud of small islands down the east coast. No. II. we take from Heylin's *Cosmography*, because that work happens to be within reach. It is, however, an exact reproduction of Pigafetta's map, as are all other maps of the period. As we shall have occasion to notice afterwards, this map makes the Continent considerably wider than it really is. We may also note that both maps I. and II. indulge in that pictorial method of filling in, so well hit off by Swift:

Geographers in Afric maps
With savage pictures fill their gaps,
And o'er uninhabitable downs
Place elephants for want of towns.

⁹ *Nuovo Dizionario Geografico*, 2nd edition, Venice, 1833, p. 32.

¹⁰ "Offre per ogni dove il contrasto di terre inaridite o fertili."

¹¹ "I due terze sono pianori di roccie e mari di sabbia."

¹² *Dictionnaire universel d'histoire et de géographie*, 17th edition, Paris, 1861.

¹³ "Une grande partie du continent se compose de plaines brûlantes, remplies d'un sable fin et mouvant, et parsemées de loin en loin de quelques vertes oasis" (p. 20).

¹⁴ Edinburgh and London, 1861, vol. iii.

one uniform sterile desert."¹⁵ "The wide expansion of sandy desert almost everywhere to be met with throughout this Continent forms a prominent feature in the physical geography of Africa."¹⁶ Indeed so assured is the existence of this prominent feature taken to be that it is assumed as a basis whence to deduce another. "The climate of Africa is remarkable for its general want of humidity and its warmth. *Of this fact the immense extent of arid and burning deserts already mentioned affords incontrovertible proof.*"¹⁷ After which the information is not surprising that "the African Continent—as far as we yet know—does not possess any inland seas."¹⁸ Lake Chad (Tchad or Tsad) being named as the nearest approach to one.

Commander Cameron, therefore, is fully borne out in his assertion that in the imagination of geographers, a few years ago, the Lake region of Central Africa was replaced by expanses of desert. This error regarding the lakes necessitated other errors regarding the rivers that spring from the same. The heads of the Nile were brought far above the equator; while as to the Zambesi and the Congo, they were abolished altogether from those regions in which their course is mainly laid. In regard of the last named, indeed we all know how very recent has been map-rectification. Not only does the map given in *Livingstone's Last Journals* assign to it no other connections than the Quango (or Kwango) to the south-east; but Mr. Stanley himself, who has solved the problem, in the conjectural sketch-map which he has affixed to his *How I Found Livingstone*, leads away its upper waters through Lake Albert Nyanza to join, or rather to constitute, the Nile.

But how as to Cameron's other assertion, that this state of ignorance was a lapse from former knowledge? Are we to agree with him, or with what Mr. Stanley seems to mean when he speaks of Africa having been brought to light "after an oblivion of 6,000 years?" And in particular what evidence is there as to any actual knowledge of the main features of African geography on the part of the Portuguese and missionaries of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries?

In replying to these questions by a contention that the explorers and missionaries in question did, in fact, anticipate not a few of the points, which for us to-day have the charm of novelty—it will be necessary, of course, to show that what they set down in their maps was not mere hap-hazard guess work, and

¹⁵ P. 316.¹⁶ P. 324.¹⁷ P. 330.¹⁸ P. 329.

contained many elements of truth, although not the truth entire. But, besides, for their full vindication, it must be made clear that they did not merely embellish, from their own imagination, the tradition of Ptolemy—but contributed fresh knowledge to the subject.

This latter point will, we think, need little proof. At the same time, the map founded on Ptolémy, whose main features we reproduce (No. I.), serves to bear out the assertion, that “the existence of a lake system in Central Africa . . . seems to have been known to the ancients.” Some have seen in the *Paludes Nili*, given on our map the Victoria and Albert Nyanzas. A glance at the map of 1878 will suffice to show that they cannot claim to be any thing so precise. But at any rate, there they are to protest against the assertion, that “Africa does not possess any inland seas.” For all that, however, not only is the greater fulness of the map (No. II.) inexplicable on the supposition of its being a mere deduction from the other, supposing such fulness to contain the elements of truth, but as we shall see the chief contributor to the geography of which Heylin’s map is an expression, set himself expressly to combat the tradition of Ptolemy as to the sources of the Nile.

How far, then, can the map of 1669 and its fellows be taken to represent the facts of African geography? ¹⁹ To answer this question rightly we must begin by pointing out that the idea here given of the African interior was not the first which Portuguese investigation conceived.

The earliest known exponent of that first idea is the “Portuguese Livy,” John de Barros, in 1552.²⁰ According to him there is in the centre of Africa a great lake from which spring all the great rivers of Africa. Speaking of the country of Monomotapa—that is to say, the region about the Zambesi—he writes: “All this country — is encircled, like an island, by the two arms of a river which flows from the most extensive lake in Africa. This lake, it is which ancient writers have so much desired to know, for it is the source of the illustrious Nile, and the Zaire (*i.e.*, the Congo), which traverses the kingdom of

¹⁹ We must once for all, in treating this subject, acknowledge our obligations to three articles by Father Brucker in the *Etudes Religieuses* for February, March, and June, 1878. Writing in the provinces and without the means of consulting many original authors, we have to draw from his excellent papers the most interesting and important testimonies which we adduce.

²⁰ *Da Asia* dec. i., lib. x. c. i. quoted by Brucker, *Etudes* for March, 1878, p. 388.

Manicongo, comes from it too ; so does the river which flows towards Cefala (Sofala) " [the Zambesi].

Now, undoubtedly there is in this statement much which is not only untrue but impossible. It is now taken as ascertained in physical geography that, as a matter of fact, a lake never has more than one stream flowing from it. Even recently the reality of this fact has afforded room for considerable controversy. To the old geographers it was unknown and unsuspected, and they consequently have no scruple in multiplying the outlets of their lakes *ad libitum*.

But is the story of Barros, therefore, a pure fiction? On the contrary ; it seems to us to indicate, however roughly, an important fact. Put in the above account, instead of "lake," a "lake region," and there is nothing whatever to correct in the main features of his tale.

We have already pointed out how the various gathering grounds and reservoirs of the great rivers run one into another and constitute a perpetual water supply in the centre of the Continent ; and there are circumstances which might easily lead an explorer at first to believe that these waters belonged not only to one region, but to one lake. Most especially might the language of the natives lead to such a conclusion. With them every large piece of water is Nyanza, Nyassa, Nyanja, or some other modification of the same word. As we have seen, the lakes discovered by Burton, Speke, and Baker, were indicated to them as Nyanza. Down in south-east, for Livingstone it was Nyassa. Further west, the Zambesi is Nyanja, according to Lieutenant Young,²¹ who also informs us that he "could not get at the name Bangweolo at all for the large lake discovered by Livingstone. Most of the natives knew the lake was there, but they had no particular name for it."²² That is to say, its individuality is also lost for them in the general appellation. With this community of designation it would have been strange had misconception at first *not* arisen. Whichever of the great rivers an explorer tracked—either personally or by interrogation—the ultimate source to which it was traced would be the same. Always it would be found to flow from "Nyanza." The great expanses of water which the explorers of the Nile found stretching away like an illimitable ocean to the south ; those other expanses which travellers from the south found in like manner unbounded, save by their own horizon-line towards the north,

²¹ *Nyassa* p. 74.

²² p. 75.

and each named by the natives with the same name,—what wonder that they were at first confounded? Does such confusion in any way tell against the knowledge of those who exhibit it? Would it not be more just to say that such an error proves the account we have heard to have been the result of genuine investigation.²³

Nay, it is not only left to us to say that such misapprehension was in the first instance probable. It has been a second time repeated. Those who will turn to the second amongst the maps prefixed to Mr. Stanley's *Through the Dark Continent*, that marked "Krapf Rebmann Livingstone and Erhardt's map, 1849-56," will find therein laid down an enormous piece of water, in shape "like a slug,"²⁴ "Lake Uniamesi," which may well compare with the giant lake of Barros. Stretching from the equator southwards through about thirteen degrees of latitude, and through a similar number of degrees of longitude with the meridian of thirty as a medial line, it presents an expanse immensely greater than that of any one of the lakes since discovered—in fact, nearly as great as their united area. Are we to put down the insertion of this hypothetical lake in such a map as a piece of mere blundering ignorance? Captain Speke shall answer the question for us. It was the report embodied in this map which induced the Geographical Society, in 1855, to despatch that explorer with Captain Burton to investigate the region where this monster lake was supposed to lie. In place of one they discovered two lakes, the Tanganyika and the Victoria Nyanza; but this discrepancy between the description and its verification did not hinder Captain Speke from describing Messrs. Rebmann and Erhardt as "the prime and first promoters"²⁵ of the discovery.

Let us now turn to Heylin's map, and to the knowledge which it exhibits. If a defence can be set up for Barros, much more, it is clear, can be said for those who constructed this.

²³ Lieutenant Young [*Nyassa* p. 74] well remarks that something of the confusion which this nomenclature causes in Africa, a way of speaking which prevails amongst ourselves is apt to occasion for foreigners who visit us for the first time: whether we be bound for Scarborough, Torquay, or Llandudno—we are always going to the "sea-side," and we do not think it necessary to state that the seas respectively in question are the German Ocean, the English Channel, and the Irish Sea.

²⁴ Speke, in *Blackwood's Magazine*, September, 1859.

²⁵ *Blackwood's Magazine*, November, 1872, p. 578. Captain Burton too (*Lake Regions of Central Africa*, vol. ii, p. 170) explains the process of formation for this lake in terms which may serve for that of Barros. He says: "Erhardt's *Memoir on Eastern Africa* (London 1856) announces the existence of a great lake called in the S. Niandsha (Nyassa) in the N. Ukerewe (Victoria Nyanza) and on the coast Niasa."

It has, however the faults which we have seen in the former case, and others as well. There is still the notion of many effluents from one lake, as especially instanced in the case of Aquilunda, with its swarm of out-flowing rivers. There is, besides—as was common with old geographers—a tendency to make inference from what is known, and to set the inference down as positively as the knowledge. Hence rivers observed at different points are summarily pieced together into one stream, according to the constructor's notions of probability. An excellent instance of this is afforded by the treatment of the great rivers of North West Africa, the Serbewe, the Chadda, and the Senegal being all made into one and conducted into the ocean by the mouth belonging to the last of them.

At the same time, it is worthy of note that one of the chain of lakes through which this stream is made to flow falls, at least partially, on the position actually occupied by Lake Chad. Neither does this old map, like Arrowsmith's, altogether omit the true mouth and lower course of the Niger.

Something of the like treatment we find accorded to the Zambesi. The connection seems to be assumed between the true course of its upper waters and the true course of the Limpopo. Barros apparently thought that the river forked into two, the Lower Zambesi and the Limpopo, the two arms of which we have heard as encircling Monomotapa.

This, again, is undoubtedly a fault against geographic truth; but like that already considered, it is a fault which not only is natural in itself, but has been repeated in recent times. We impute no sort of blame to Mr. Stanley when we select him as a typical example to show our meaning. As we have already seen in his last work but one, he conjecturally connects the Upper Congo and the Nile. But more than that: as the result of his last labours and discoveries, he has given us two maps of the same region—the outline published in the *Daily Telegraph*, at the time of his first emerging from the Continent, and the full map affixed to his book. In one important particular these maps are directly at variance. In the first, the Albert Nyanza is laid down as a single sheet of water, extending considerably south of the line. In the other, the same lake is distinctly confined (so far as the map is concerned) to a very small portion of the same space, and a large undefined, but separate piece of water, the "Muta Nzge," takes the place of its southern portion. Nay, Dr. Petermann himself, on first hearing of the general

result of Mr. Stanley's expedition—the identity of Lualaba and Congo—produced in a map the "Standpunkt der Erforschung von Äquatorial Afrika," and therein making the great river pick up in its course the *dissecta membra* supplied from various sources, the Ayah of Wagga, Bahr Kuta of Nachtigal, and Kubanda of Barth, took it for the purpose two full degrees to the north of its actual course.²⁶

To return to our map No. II. Its longitude is considerably at fault. Not only are the lakes—as we shall see—misplaced, but the east coast-line of the greater part of the Continent is moved considerably to the east. Considering, however, the difficulties that must have attended the observation of longitude in those days, it is only to be wondered that errors in this direction were not more grievous.

In spite, however, of these undeniable shortcomings a careful observer must needs be struck to find in our map so much that is like the truth. If, as we have seen, the single central sea of Barros should be taken as at least indicating a conception fundamentally right, much more is surely to be said for the distinct lakes delineated here. We have seen in our summary of recent discovery that there are in Central Africa *two* distinct lake systems, one feeding the Nile the other the Congo. It is surely remarkable to find two great lakes in positions approximately correct discharging the same functions. And it is pretty clearly pointed out that neither of these two pieces of water is to be taken absolutely as a single lake. An island introduced into the westernmost is a partition sufficiently important to cause the lake to change its name as it passes it, being *Zaire* to the north and *Zembre* to the south. And, although without like change of name, the other great lake, *Zaflan*, is considerably disintegrated by three large islands (imperfectly seen in our little map) which are introduced into its area.²⁷ We are therefore justified, more even than with Barros, in taking these representations to stand for lake-systems rather than for single lakes.

But what lake-systems? *Zaflan*, if meant for the Nyanzas,

²⁶ In the *Mittheilungen* for November, 1877.

²⁷ In April we noticed some remarks of the *Univers* upon the celebrated globe of the Lyons Library, and ventured to suspend our judgment as to the value to be ascribed to its African representations until more precise information should be afforded us. We now find (from an engraving in *Nature* of June 6th) that what was stated to be an exact picture of the African rivers as now known, and in particular of the Nyanzas, "avec leurs îles, leurs affluents et leurs dégorgoirs" is no more than an exact reproduction of Pigafetta's *Zaire*, *Zembre*, *Zaflan*, and the rest.

has evidently slipped from its true position of both latitude and longitude, the smaller lake to the north-east being more in the true bearings of the Victoria. But Tanganyika falls almost accurately on the westerly portion of Zaflan, and if Livingstone and Stanley, to mention no others, were so long and so strongly of opinion that Tanganyika was connected with the Nyanzas, why should not our sixteenth century geographer have entertained the same notion. And as we shall see later that the informant who supplied the materials for such geography advanced into Africa from the west, it is not surprising that he should have misplaced waters to the east of the said Tanganyika. We take Zaflan, therefore, to stand for Tanganyika and the Nyanzas, taken as belonging to one system, and that the system of the Nile.²⁸

As Lake Zaflan is too far to the west for the accurate representation of the true head-waters of the Nile, so are Zaire and Zembre too far in the same direction for the fountains of the Congo. But it is very possible, without any prejudice to their merit, that the geographers of the sixteenth century, erring with Livingstone as to the after-course of the Congo's easternmost waters, placed its cradle in that region whence spring, not its true stream, but its largest and most numerous tributaries. This, too, is a lacustrine region, though one as to which our own information as yet is vague. Lake Bangweolo might possibly have been included in it along with Lakes Mweru, Kamalondo, Kassali, Moryah, Sankuru, and others as yet only heard of, which we can but conjecturally represent by dotted contours.²⁹ If this surmise should prove true, it might easily be that the Kamalondo river (the highest tributary of the Congo marked in our map) with its large stream rolling away to the north-east suggested the notion of a branch going off to join the Nile.

All this, of course, is hypothesis. It may be that Zaire and Zembre mean Tanganyika and Bangweolo in spite of the arguments which seem to us to show the contrary. But it is

²⁸ Tanganyika is in some respects the most mysterious of lakes. Discovery has not yet provided it with a thoroughly satisfactory outlet, the Lukuga river discovered by Cameron acting only as an overflow in seasons of extraordinary rain. Yet the rains of the neighbourhood are so very copious as to have suggested to the same Cameron when lying awake in his hut the reflection, "If the blessed old Tanganyika gets all this it *must* burst out somewhere." An underground outlet has been suggested as an explanation. This, perhaps, derives colour from the rivers running through caves, of which the same traveller heard.

²⁹ The region of these lakes corresponds almost exactly with that assigned to Zaire and Zembre.

at any rate only natural to suppose that the very portion of Africa which has been the last to reveal itself to us was equally hard of access to explorers of former days, and that here, more even than elsewhere, they were forced to conjecture as they could upon information gathered.³⁰

We have thus as reasonable a foundation, to say the least, for the placing of a great head-water of the Congo not very far from the position assigned to the Zaire and Zembre Lakes, as there was for placing a similar head-water of the Nile about Zafian. These facts of themselves are surely enough to show that it was not pure imagination that placed them. More emphatic in the same direction is the argument from the course assigned to the Congo itself. Again, the representation is not the truth itself, but it is "wonderfully near the truth." The Zaire is made to rise too far to the west for the true Congo, but not too far for the Sankuru, or at any rate the Kassai (the largest of Congo-tributaries), which might, as we have seen, be mistaken for the upper waters of the main river.

And although, again, the river is not taken far enough to the north, not reaching the equator, it has nevertheless within smaller limits that characteristic curve which Mr. Stanley has just discovered, and presents altogether a picture of the reality, immeasurably in advance of that given by maps within the last two years. It is also noteworthy that the land amongst those lakes which we suppose to be typified by Zaire and Zembre is ascertained to contain abundance of both copper and gold.³¹

And to the west of Zembre in our old map we find set down, "Here gold is digged in great quantities." All these coincidences cannot possibly be the work of chance.

We must remember, too, that the maps are valuable only as indicating the knowledge of the period, and if we pass from them to the letterpress which accompanies them, or the other notices which serve to illustrate them, we shall find even more matter for wonder. And first we obtain an item of great value from an unexpected quarter. Daniel Defoe, in his

³⁰ We have seen the value which Dr. Petermann sets upon the geographical contributions of Barth. Yet that "River of Kubanda," whose position he gave, and Petermann accepted, was known to him only by report.

³¹ Of the last metal Cameron saw small nuggets, enough to fill a quart, which had been found in clearing out one water-hole, and which the finder thought might serve for shot.

Captain Singleton, makes that hero of romance travel in company with a body of Portuguese sailors (the nationality is worthy of remark) across Africa from east to west. There is much of fable mixed up with the truths which, after his manner, he has industriously gleaned and incorporated.³² But it is truly remarkable to find corrected in his story one of the faults of the map concerning the course of the Congo. The maps, as we have seen, place the river entirely to the south of the line. The travellers in the story have to cross the line in order to circumvent the great lake from which it flows.³³ But the man who has most right to speak on the subject of the map is its true author. This was Duarte, or Edward Lopez, a Portuguese merchant, who went to Congo in 1578, and remained in Africa engaged in traffic and exploration until, in 1586, he was induced by the Christian King of the country to proceed as ambassador to Rome to beg missionaries from the Pope. His accounts of what he had seen and heard were judged so important that he was persuaded to dictate a summary of them to the learned Pigafetta. In 1591 Pigafetta published the result in his *Relazione del reame di Congo*, which was speedily translated into English, German, and Dutch, and largely drawn upon by subsequent geographers. Two things are to be specially noticed. First, he sets himself, *ex professo*, to confute the tradition of Ptolemy; second, he is spoken of as an eye-witness of the facts which he brings in disproof of that geographer. We must also remark that the maps are not in full accordance with his description, from which they are supposed to be drawn, and fail to do justice to it. To take some passages from Pigafetta's text.

"The Nile does not rise in the Kingdom of Prester-John (Abyssinia), as some think, still less in the Mountains of the Moon, nor, as Ptolemy asserts, in two lakes at the foot of these mountains. . . . There are, indeed, two lakes, but quite differently situated from Ptolemy's, the first very far from the Mountains of the Moon, the *other not beside it, but almost directly*

³² He makes his traveller encounter both Lakes Zafan and Zaire.

³³ The crossing of the line by the Congo is no doubt an important feature in its geography. We cannot, however, go so far as the writer in *Nature* of June 6th, in whose eyes the representation of this fact seems to condone misrepresentation of almost any other. He selects as the most nearly approaching to modern results a map of about 1540, in which the river (placed altogether too far to the west) flows northwards across the equator, and never returns, finding its way into the ocean in the Bight of Biafra.

to the north, at a distance of about four hundred miles.³⁴ Some of the nations believe that in issuing from the first lake the Nile disappears underground, reappearing further on. Others deny this, and our Lopez agrees with them. He is of opinion that the Nile in this part of its course flows as best it can through remote and savage villages altogether unobserved, and that this has given rise to the other story.

"The Nile really springs from the first lake, situated 12° towards the Antarctic Pole and surrounded by lofty mountains. Thence, as has been said, it descends northwards for a distance of four hundred miles; then it enters the second lake, which is larger than the first, so as to be styled by the natives "sea." *This lake is on the equator*, and measures across about two hundred and twenty miles. Of this second lake we have information from the Anzikis, who report that the dwellers beside it have large ships, know how to write and cipher and use weights and measures (in all which they differ from the inhabitants of Congo), that they build their houses of stone and wood, and, in fine, altogether resemble the Portuguese."

It is not too much to say that this reads exactly like the description which Livingstone might have given of the farthest waters of the Nile, while he believed that stream to be connected with Tanganyika. Tanganyika would stand for the southernmost lake, and the unknown course of the Lualaba to the north for the mysterious portion of the river, while in the northern lake it is not difficult to see one or both of the Nyanzas. Even the description of the dwellers by the latter is exactly like that which Burton and Speke heard in their journey;³⁵ the men who to the black imagination appeared as accomplished and even as white as Europeans, being without doubt Arab merchants.

But when we turn back from the description to the map, we do not find any two large lakes lying north and south, nor any large "sea" upon the equator, nor the Nile flowing from any lake into any other. It would therefore seem that the map—curious and interesting as it is—does less than justice to the knowledge upon which it is founded. Even more still are we struck with the agreement between Lopez and Stanley, when we read the description by the former of the Anzikis. These dwellers near

³⁴ The "miles" of Pigafetta are old Italian or nautical miles = about 2035 yards.

³⁵ They were told, for instance, that there were ships on Ukerewe (Victoria Nyanza), whose officers "used sextants and kept a log." See Burton's *Lake Regions*, vol. ii. p. 206.

the second lake, and consequently on the right bank of the Congo about the equator, are in his pages the fierce cannibal, but commercial and somewhat cultivated people, who in that same region gave so much trouble to the latest of our explorers.³⁶

Enough has now surely been said to vindicate at least a foundation of ascertained truth for the representations and descriptions given of Africa in former days. How came it, then, that such representations, instead of being moulded into accuracy, were swept away altogether? Father Brucker well replies: "Vint le xviii. siècle, ce redresseur de la crédulité de nos pères supprima les notions reçues au lieu de les rectifier; le centre Africain redevint vide et désert. Ici, comme ailleurs, la critique outrée avait fait rétrograder la science."³⁷

Indeed, so thoroughly have the old ideas been superseded, that they are not even allowed the honour of being accurately represented. The President of the Royal Geographical Society himself, when alluding to them,³⁸ gives us the following strange account, before reading which it is well to remind ourselves what Pigafetta published towards the end of the sixteenth century:³⁹

"It was from the Arab sources of information, and from the Portuguese at a later date *on the west coast*—*teste* Duarte Lopez's map in Pigafetta's⁴⁰ Congo—that Europe derived all the information as to the interior and great inland lakes, some of which found a place in the maps of *the eleventh and twelfth centuries*. *But even this* was lost in the succeeding ages, and it was not *until* the great maritime discoveries of the *fifteenth* century that Africa beyond the Mediterranean littoral assumed any importance."

Nay, another writer in the same magazine where this lucid exposition appeared, actually claims the erasure of the old representations as the first step towards knowledge; exactly reversing Captain Speke's judgment already recorded in the matter of Lake Uniamesi. We read:⁴¹ "At any rate, one cannot admit that it was a scientific error thus to make con-

³⁶ We take our citations of Pigafetta from Father Brucker's second (March) article. We have not been able to hear of a copy of the original except in the British Museum.

³⁷ *Etudes* for June, p. 776.

³⁸ *Macmillan's Magazine*, November, 1877, p. 86.

³⁹ The italics are ours.

⁴⁰ *Sic.* It is stranger still to find the same authority putting down the well-known hero of "Tuckey's farthest" as Tucker.

⁴¹ *Macmillan's Magazine*, October, 1878, p. 466. Article signed W. Minto.

fession of ignorance. *The sum total of the seventeenth century knowledge about Central Africa was that both the Nile and the Congo flowed out of large lakes*⁴² deep in the interior. The eighteenth century geographers *cannot be blamed for ceasing to give pictorial representation to these facts*, when they could not fix the true position of the lakes within a thousand miles. The first step towards true knowledge is the rejection of knowledge falsely so conceived, and the exclusion of Lakes Zaflan, Zaire, and Zembre from the maps was really the *first step towards a scientific geography of the unexplored African Continent.*"

Whence it would appear that the first step towards scientific accuracy and geographical truth was to expunge the representation of lakes from the region where lakes do actually exist, and to replace them by "tracts of rock and oceans of sand." Would not eighteenth century geographers have been better employed in reading Lopez's story, and endeavouring to construct a map accurately corresponding to it?

Hitherto we have considered only the lakes connected with the Nile and the Congo. Let us turn for a moment to the great lake of the Zambesi system, the Nyassa. Dr. Livingstone felt so assured that he was its first discoverer, that he sets down very minutely the particulars of the event: "We discovered Nyassa a little before noon of the 16th of September, 1859."⁴³

Yet this lake was so far from being then for the first time known, that the Jesuit Father Mariano, two hundred and thirty-five years previously, had written to his Superiors an account of it, which reads for all the world like that of Livingstone himself, or of Lieutenant Young. Nyassa, according to these recent authorities, has its southern extremity in lat. 14° 25' S. Its length is three hundred and fifty miles, its average breadth thirty-eight. It is always deep. Its waters teem with fish and its shores with population, the country around being marvellously fruitful, so much so as to have induced the remark from Livingstone that he had nowhere seen a more fertile region. There are laid down in Young's map of the lake at least a score of islands. So violently are the waters lashed by storms, as to have induced the same nautical authority to set it down as "this most stormy lake," while Livingstone dubs it the "lake of storms." The Shiré river, which flows from it, is for one hundred

⁴² Again the italics are ours. We should have thought this "sum total" to be of some importance.

⁴³ *Zambesi and its Tributaries*, p. 123.

miles, as the crow flies, above its junction with the Zambesi placid and navigable, above that rocky and boisterous.⁴⁴

Such is the description which we have to give of Nyassa in 1878. Let us see how Father Mariano described it in 1624.⁴⁵ The lake, he says, is half a league from Maravi, which, Father de Sousa adds, is about sixty leagues N.N.E. of Tete, and in about 12° S. latitude; ⁴⁶ but the latter author subjoins, that this position does not mark the southermost extremity of the lake, which he gives notice to geographers is to be placed a good distance to the south.⁴⁷ "From this lake flows the river Chirim (Shiré or Cheri), which at first is very tranquil; but afterwards, on account of the many rocks over which it dashes, ceases to be navigable. Morave (Maravi) is situated between the lake and the Zambesi; it is very populous, and *we* (the Portuguese) *do much traffic with it*. . . . The inhabitants, towards the south, do not know its other extremity, so long is it. It is four to five leagues in breadth; sometimes the shore cannot be seen across it. It is studded with islands. It abounds in fish. It is eight to ten fathoms deep, and exceedingly tossed by the winds of Mozambique. On the shores of this lake there is abundance of corn and meat."⁴⁸

These, then, are some of the facts and records which should be taken into account before we assent to the wholesale condemnation which we have heard concerning the geographical results of former days. It is surely needless to do injustice to our ancestors in order to do honour to our illustrious contemporaries, and we humbly submit that it is injustice to treat their contributions to African geography as mere lumber in the way of science, which can only serve the cause of knowledge by being ruthlessly swept away.

⁴⁴ See Livingstone's *Zambesi and its Tributaries*, and Young's *Nyassa*.

⁴⁵ Quoted by Father de Souza, *Oriente Conquistado a Jesu Christo*, t. i. p. 839. This author does not, however, give the full text of Mariano's letter, which Father Brucker takes from an Italian version of 1627.

⁴⁶ "A citado do Maravi distara de Tete pouco mais de sessenta legoas lançadas pelo sertão ao Nornordeste e podessa estar em doze graos pouco mais on menos" (p. 838).

⁴⁷ "Advirtaõ porẽm os Cosmografos se quizerem pintar este lago nos seus mappas, que não começa a junto à Cidade de Maravi, senão mais ao Sul huma boa distancia" (p. 839).

⁴⁸ *Etudes for March*, 1878, pp. 402, 403.

Anemone.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE VACANT GAITER.

"News for you, my dear Westmore," said Mr. Woodbrook, looking up from his paper at breakfast, two or three mornings after the scenes at Flaxhead which have been related in a former chapter.

"What's the matter?" said Mr. Westmore.

"Why, old Thornyoke's gone, and the archdeaconry is vacant. You're the man, depend upon it. The Bishop can't pass you over."

Archdeacon Thornyoke was a singular man in his class. He was a staunch High Churchman of the older school, who had, late in life, grown stronger and stronger in his opposition to the existing state of things in the Establishment, which he designated as a state of traitorous compromise. He was continually at war with the Bishops, and with the Committee of Council, and with the Conservative Government, which he looked upon as not half Tory enough. He was a man of prodigious activity, strong language, and imprudent action, a great power in Convocation and among the clergy, so that most people feared him, while all liked him on account of his character for straightforwardness, and a certain geniality of temperament and courageousness of deportment, even when he was most extravagant, which are qualities which seldom fail to command the sympathy of Englishmen. The news had now come that he had died in Germany, more than a week before it was known in England that he was alarmingly ill, though he was on his road to Carlsbad for the sake of his health. He had stopped in an out-of-the-way place, with only a servant as his companion, and this man had made so many mistakes with his telegram to the Archdeacon's son, that it had never reached its

destination. So it came about that the worthy Archdeacon had been dead several days before his death was known.

The *Times*, of course, was ready for the occasion, and, as it was vacation time, devoted a characteristic leader to the event, sketching the career of the defunct dignitary, and ending by declaring that he had been an ornament to the Establishment, "but an ornament" of a class of which perhaps it was as well that there were not too many specimens. The National Church was the tolerant home of various creeds, the vitality of which was worth while preserving so long as they were content to exist side by side in peace. Archdeacon Thornyoke was a man of a generation that was now passed or passing away, and many things had been forgiven him because he had been faithful to traditions which younger men must not think to take up with impunity."

"The Bishop can't pass you over," said Mr. Woodbrook. Perhaps if nothing of the sort had been said, Mr. Westmore would have thought but little of the vacant appointment. He was certainly the most prominent man in the district—for it was his own archdeaconry which was in question—but he was not very ambitious, and was fairly satisfied as he was. Just now an increase of income would have been acceptable to him. He had never wanted money all his life, for his living was a good one, and he had a considerable private fortune. Charlie, however, was beginning to be more of a drag on him than before, and Emily might soon be marrying some one or other. Alice had brought him no fortune, though her father was rich. He had told Mr. Westmore that it was inconvenient for him to make a settlement at the time, but that Alice might expect to be treated as his daughter, and would have a good portion after his death. These considerations came up in Mr. Westmore's mind in the course of that day. Then, after all, it was a great thing to be an Archdeacon! Convocation would take him to London, where he might air his ideas and display his undeniable powers of speaking and preaching. By luncheon-time he was quite full of schemes as to what he would say and do. His public usefulness would be so much increased. So much service to the Church might be done, and the like. Mr. Woodbrook had a good deal to answer for by his suggestion. It is the easiest thing in the world to fill a vain man's head with dreams as to his own future achievements.

Lady Susan had heard the remark, but said nothing at the

time. At luncheon she alluded to it, saying that she liked him to rise as high as he could. "I think, Charles, you will look better than most of them in a shovel hat and apron. It is a queer dress, certainly, and requires a fine figure to carry it off. But if you are to wear a coat without a collar, and that funny little slip of white round your neck, you may as well have knee-breeches and the rest of it to complete the costume. I am glad you don't wear whiskers and a beard. Our Archdeacon down here at Maunton, old Swagganbragger, as the curates call him, wears both, and he's a hideous bear to look at—a big bouncing man, who looks as if he could eat one up." The flattery of these personal remarks was not very delicate, but it did not altogether displease the person to whom it was addressed. The question of the apron and gaiters had just crossed Mr. Westmore's mind, and he was a little afraid of being quizzed on the subject. It was quite a satisfaction that his dress would be approved.

All these days, too, Mr. Westmore had been in a little flutter of satisfaction at the consciousness of the good which he was doing by his undoubted influence over Lady Susan. Mrs. Woodbrook's little plan had succeeded admirably. The case of Mr. Thomas Watcomb had been gone into in his presence by the lady, the day after the *fracas* at the stables. The butler and housekeeper, seeing their opportunity, had united their forces—sometimes these two great powers had been at variance—and the coalition had pressed hard on the groom, and on his sister, Lady Susan's own maid. There was a feeling in the household that a "crisis" had come, and that the presence of the strange clergyman was an opportunity which was not to be missed. The quarrel between the coachman and groom had originated, moreover, in a decided piece of neglect of one of Lady Susan's favourite horses on the part of the latter, who was more than half tipsy—not for the first or for the hundredth time. A few judicious words from Mr. Westmore settled the fate of Mr. Watcomb, who was sent about his business with a month's wages in his pocket, and a handsome gratuity besides. Like a Chinese mandarin, Mr. Thomas dragged his family down with him. It was proved that the maid was a drunkard as well as her brother, and that all the servants found her intolerable. As there was no special offence at the moment, she would probably have survived the attack, if she had not been unconscionably impertinent in defence of her brother, and used language to "my lady" which it was difficult to pass over.

So the Watcombs retired in indignation, muttering mysterious threats of vengeance, and Flaxhead, like Paris after an *emeute*, was "tranquille." A new government, in fact, was installed.

All this was pleasant to Charles Westmore. The fly in his ointment, however, was the thought of Alice. Her letter to him that morning had been very short, but she had said that she could not delay any longer, and that he must not be vexed if she took her own course. What that course was to be, she did not say. Most men would have set off at once to stop her—but Mr. Westmore did not more than half believe that she could by any possibility act against his wishes. He had forbidden her to go to the convent, and what else could she do? That letter he did not answer.

His next morning's letters came to him in a big envelope, directed by Emily. There was no letter from Alice, but he found a note in the corner of the envelope in Emily's large round schoolgirl hand, telling him that his wife was rather unwell, and would write the next day. But everything else went out of his head at finding that one of the letters which were inclosed was from the Bishop of Southmercia, his diocesan. Under ordinary circumstances, it was no such great event to see the black sealing wax which the Bishop always used, and the hieroglyphical "W. Southmercia" in the corner. On the present occasion, he was quite afraid to open it. But Mr. Woodbrook was down upon him in an instant, notwithstanding the attraction which courted him in a plate of kidneys on which he was occupied. He jumped up, and snatched the unopened letter from his friend's hand.

"Let me read it for you, my dear fellow," he said. "There are no secrets in it, depend upon it." And then, without more ado, he tore the envelope open, notwithstanding Mr. Westmore's resistance, and read aloud—

[*Private.*]

Merciastoke, Aug. 14, 18—.

My dear Westmore,—

I fear it is but too true that we have lost our good friend Thornyoke. You will, I am sure, feel his loss as I do—the loss of a most valuable servant of our Church, as well as that of a dear personal friend. You will hardly wonder at the immediate purpose of my letter to-day. You have been in the diocese longer than I have, but I know that your work in it has always been of that uniform excellence and devotion of which I have had myself so much experience, and I am in hopes that you will consent to my drawing still closer the ties which

unite us in our common service to the Church of England, by appointing you to the Archdeaconry which has so unfortunately become vacant. You know that there is but little emolument attached to the office beyond the canon's stall to which you will succeed at the same time.

I have long wished to be able to contribute in some way to your greater usefulness, and I feel sure that we shall all be gainers by having you occasionally at the Cathedral and in London, though I think you know it will not be necessary for you to give up Osminster, which I should feel a pang in asking you to do.

I shall be here for the next week, so that you may take a few days to consider my offer, if you wish it.

Believe me ever, my dear Westmore, most sincerely yours,

WILLIAM SOUTHERN.

P.S.—My wife desires her affectionate regards to Mrs. Westmore.

"Bravo!" cried Lady Susan. "Charles, I declare I'll make your first pair of gaiters myself. The Archbishop's tailor shall design them, but I'll do the cutting-out and stitching!"

Mr. Westmore was a little disconcerted. That morning he had been thinking rather more seriously than before of the obligations of any high office, especially in so troubled a community as the Anglican Establishment. Then he had thought of what might come if Alice went on with her resolution. He had found out already that she was not quite the pretty plaything which he had imagined when he had married her. It had occurred to him whether, if the Bishop made him the offer, it would not be his duty to inform him of the state of things. That the wife of the Vicar of Osminster should go over to Rome was bad enough. It would be a catastrophe in itself. But what would happen if she was the wife of a Canon and an Archdeacon? We are sorry to say that he began to get very angry with Alice, and that he never asked himself whether his anger was grounded on the fact that he believed the Church of Rome wrong and the Anglican Establishment right, or on the very different fact that it would be extremely inconvenient to himself to have the remark made that his wife was a "Romanist."

He cut the subject short that morning at the breakfast-table, and, an hour after, closeted himself for a good part of the morning, first with Mr. Woodbrook, and then with Lady Susan.

His two counsellors gave him very discordant advice. Mr. Woodbrook told him that his immediate acceptance of the Archdeaconry would serve as a preventive to his wife's projected

"movement." "Depend upon it, she'll think twice before she brings you down in such a way. She will feel that new duties are imposed on her, as well as on you, and that this is a Providential intimation that she is to stay where she is."

Such was Mr. Woodbrook's argument. He had never had anything to do with "converts," or with people who were wishing to become converts, and his mind, though cultivated, was too narrow to think of "Romeward proclivities" as anything more than mere sentiment and imagination. A few months before this he had recommended another friend, whose eldest daughter was smitten with the same contagion, to get her married at once, to a clergyman if possible. He told Mr. Westmore how he had just heard from his friend in question that he had followed his advice with great success. He had taken his daughter up to London for the season, and she was now engaged to a Broad Church clergyman with a large living in Norfolk. "So that's the end of Mary's Romanism, you see," said Mr. Woodbrook, in great glee. "St. Paul's rule for his young women was that they should marry and bear children. Make your wife Mrs. Archdeacon at once, and you'll see it will all come right." This was the advice of the worthy clergyman who was fond of annihilating the "Petrine claims."

The advice of the lady of the world was not quite the same. "Do you really see so much harm in it, Charles?" she said. "You know I'm a poor Babylonian at the best, and know little enough about religion in all conscience. But Alice is your wife, and you are bound to make her happy. I have known some of these people—Catholics, I mean—and I see that their religion does make them happy. And I am sure that when they once get that faith into their heads, they can be nothing else."

"I can't let her ruin herself and me," he said fiercely. "Woodbrook says that I am bound to accept the Archdeaconry at once, in order to prevent her."

"*That* won't stop her, depend on it," said Lady Susan. "It will only make your position more difficult. You had better see her before you make up your mind—either that, or write to the Bishop at once, and tell him how matters are. If he says it makes no difference, then you had better accept. You ought to see her, though I am not the person to say it. I have only just got you here. Couldn't you send for her to come here too?" And Lady Susan felt in her heart that she was really very generous.

"It would be too great a risk in her present state," said Mr. Westmore gravely. A little gleam of tenderness came over him as he thought of his child.

"Well, I have said my say," said the lady. "Perhaps it may turn out that Mr. Woodbrook is right."

"He ought to go home at once, my dear," she said an hour afterwards to Mrs. Woodbrook, as they sat together waiting for luncheon. "But then, you see, I can't tell him so more plainly than I have."

It ended, however, in her advice being at least partially followed. Mr. Westmore wrote to his Bishop, telling him how gladly he would accept the appointment, but that he must leave it to his lordship to say whether his domestic circumstances permitted it. He would wait for an answer at Flaxhead.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE PRIEST'S DIFFICULTY.

WE left Alice Westmore at the door of the little sacristy of the Catholic chapel at Osminster, listening to Father White's sermon on the good choice which Mary had made. The sermon itself need not be repeated here. When the preacher came to dwell on the last part of the text, in which he applied the words, "it shall not be taken away from her," to the faithfulness of God in supplying his children with abundant graces to carry out the good resolutions which they had formed by His inspiration, he touched a subject which had a wonderful importance to the poor trembling lady who had so unwittingly brought herself within the reach of the truth of which he was speaking. He was thinking of his poor congregation, the men and women whom it was so difficult to keep from drink, from quarrelling, and swearing, the girls who were in danger of being led astray in "company-keeping," the lads who were laughed at by their fellow-workmen for going to chapel and keeping up their monthly confessions and Communions, and the like. He begged them all on this great feast of our Lady, on which he was speaking to them, to remember that they had a Mother in Heaven to whom, as the first example of the best choice and of the faithfulness of God to her, they might confide all their good resolutions, and obtain by her intercession with her Son, the grace of which they stood so sorely in need. His words

reminded Alice of very different resolutions, which she had so often made, and of which the execution was still delayed, though she had had many a warning, as she thought, of late, that the time might pass away if she did not seize it. Some years ago, while she was quite a child, she had come across the poem in the *Lyra Innocentium* about "Mother out of sight," and from that time she had, in her uninstructed simple way, said daily one or two prayers to our Blessed Lady which she had come across. One of them was the *Memorare*. When Father White finished his sermon and then proceeded with the Mass, she crept into the sacristy and knelt down, and this *Memorare* rose to her lips. She went on praying and thinking, till some boys came in hastily and lighted some long candles, which they took into the chapel, and then all was quiet again. There was a good deal of music and singing which she did not understand. After a time she became afraid of being caught, so she slipped out, and went up to the door of the house. The servant who answered her ring knew her, stared at her, and then took her into Father White's parlour, where the table was laid for breakfast. There Alice waited on. Some time after she saw from the window that the congregation had dispersed. At last Father White came in, begging her pardon for having kept her waiting, said he had had to hear a confession or two after Mass, and then left her to open her business.

The matter of the nurse for Blanche was soon despatched. Father White knew the woman who had applied very well, and gave her a high character. "They won't mind her being a Catholic, I hope?" he said. Alice thought not, and said that Arden's Clyst was not far from Exeter.

"I fear my good friend Mrs. Ritchie has often to do without her Mass when she is nursing ladies," he said. "But she must do her best."

Alice begged him to begin his breakfast, and the hard-worked missionary obeyed her at once. He asked her about her husband, Emily, Charles, and all the people and topics he could think of, and still she sat on.

"You don't seem quite well, Mrs. Westmore," he said at last. "Won't a cup of tea do you good, or a glass of wine? It's not the Vicar's sherry, I am sorry to say, but it's not bad." Then he rang the bell, and made her take a glass of wine and a biscuit. "You have been waiting long, I think, and you are not fit to walk much at this time of day."

"I heard your sermon, Mr. White," she said. "It did me a great deal of good. I have prayed to the Blessed Virgin Mary for a long time."

"Indeed!" said the priest. "That is what very few English ladies do, I am afraid. It was not so in old times. The whole country was full of her shrines, and the whole of social life was penetrated by devotion to her. I wonder how you came to learn it. But it's only the natural thing, after all, in those who believe that her Son is God. How was it, Mrs. Westmore?"

He wanted to get her to speak for herself, and did not dare to hope that she was near the Church.

"I will tell you some day, I hope," said Alice; "but now I want your advice and help very much for myself as well as for my friend Lady Clyst-Arden. I came here for her, and I must speak for myself before I go."

Then the poor soul poured out, rather incoherently perhaps, the whole story of her longings for Catholicism, her coming across Mr. Westmore, the hopes she had conceived when she married him, her fears as to her soul when her first child was born, and she was in danger, and the resolution which she had then taken, and which now she wished to carry out. It took a long time altogether, and she was exhausted when she was done. She ended by asking the good Father to tell her what she must do, and promising to do it. "I shall have peace now that I have put myself in your hands."

Poor Father White! He had never dreamt of anything like this. He was not naturally a courageous man, nor, but for the love of God, could he have borne the lonely life which he led among his poor people. He was a man of cultivated and refined mind, who, if he had followed his natural bent, would have taken to literature as an occupation, and lived in his books and in the society of men of similar tastes. He had no friends of his own sort, even among the neighbouring priests, few as they were. He would have made a very good professor, and with opportunities of developing his talents, he might have done good service in the defence of Revelation and the Church. But he got no encouragement at all for his literary instincts, and he was not a man to force his way against an adverse world. No priest in the country was more conscientious in his care of the schools and the sick, and in looking up his poor flock, all of whom loved him and venerated him; but few understood what a life of sacrifice was his, and how much his gentle and

unenergetic nature made him pay for it all. There are many such men in country districts in England, men who never put themselves forward, and whose worth is known perhaps to few except their ecclesiastical superiors. Certainly a great resource of a certain kind was found for Father White in the society to which he was admitted at the Vicar's house—not all that he could wish, but still, on the whole, cultivated and intellectual. And now all this must be shattered to pieces, and he was in for a war to the knife, as it seemed, with all that was best and most powerful in Osminster—best, at least, outside the little flock of which he was the pastor, of which he had many pure souls to guide, which were his truest and most constant consolation.

He found that Alice had grasped in her own way the true principles on which any submission to the Catholic Church must be founded, but that as to details she was very uninstructed. He tried her with all the points which are the most difficult to English people in general: the infallibility of the Pope, the Immaculate Conception, the practice of confession, the doctrine of Purgatory, and the like. On every point she gave the simplest and plainest answers, as if she had been familiar with the truths of which he spoke all her life. On those which she did not understand she gave the answer, "I can believe it if I am taught it by the Church." This part of their conversation ended by his giving her a penny Catechism and telling her to read it through, and see if anything in it was a real difficulty. She was especially to attend to the part about the sacraments and the preparation for confession.

Then came the other, the more practical point, what was to be done? He suggested that she should wait, but she said it could not be long. Her confinement would take place very soon now, and all must be over before that time. Could she not go away to some friend and be privately received? She said her husband had forbidden her in the most positive manner to leave Osminster till his own return. Did she know any Catholic priest whom she would like to see? He mentioned one or two famous names, but she looked at him piteously, "Mr. White, I have told you a great deal about myself, and I know you well. Why cannot you help me yourself?"

It was a terrible trial. Father White would have gone to the stake for his faith, and, if he had lived in the days of Elizabeth or the Stuarts, he would have had the courage, by the grace of God, to be dragged on a hurdle to the field where

Connaught Terrace now stands, enduring all the barbarities of the executions of those times. But it went to his heart to enter on the long struggle which the reception of Alice might lead to, and he felt tenderly for her and for her husband, who had always treated him with kindness, and, what was still more, with confidence. He prayed internally for a second or two, and then his courage revived.

"I will do all I can for you, depend upon it; now you should go home and rest. I shall be passing your way this evening, as I have to see a sick person a mile along that road, and then we can arrange what we will do. But never fear, God has begun this in you, and He will give us strength to carry it through."

Before she went home Alice stole into the chapel and knelt down before the altar for a few minutes. There she recited the Creed, the *Our Father* and the *Memorare*. When she reached home luncheon was half over, and Aunt Joanna catechized her fiercely as to the reason of her absence.

CHAPTER XV.

A SECRET SURPRISED.

ALICE lay down after luncheon, wearied, and to some extent, excited, but still with a feeling of peace which she had not often known before. She begged Emily to send on Mr. Westmore's letters, and to say that she would write herself the next day. It was almost the first time since her marriage that she had let a day pass without writing to him when the letter could reach him, if he was away. But another letter was being written to him that afternoon by Father White. The good Father spent some time before the altar before he went out on his daily round of visits to the sick and poor, and the thought of what had passed between himself and Alice was uppermost in his mind all the day. He had an early evening service at seven for his people, who could not come to church in the afternoon, and when that was over he would call on Alice on his way to another sick person, whose husband he wanted to find at home when he visited her. So he made up his mind to write to Mr. Westmore, to take his letter with him to Blackley House, and then get it posted before returning home. The post left at nine.

It was not very easy to write his letter to Mr. Westmore.

But he had made up his mind that Alice was strong enough now to bear up against opposition, and he saw many objections to acting or seeming to act in the dark. Many persons in his position would hardly have thought it safe or wise to risk the chance of a terrible storm, before the soul about which he was so anxious was safe in the fold. We can only say, that he had no one to consult, and that he made up his mind, as we have said. He wrote a rather long and a beautiful letter to his friend. He said that he felt how much he was going to pain him, one of the last men in this world whom he desired to pain, one of the few men in the same position who would have treated him with so much uniform courtesy and kindness. He told him how Alice had applied to him, and how she had put her case, and he said that in his judgment, considering her convictions, her soul could not be safe if she remained as she was. She might be taken ill any day, and there was no time to lose. He was bound, if it were so, to sacrifice the friendship which was so dear to him, and do his duty as a Catholic priest. He had even suggested, he said, that for many reasons, chiefly out of consideration for Mr. Westmore, the reception should take place anywhere rather than at Osminster. If this could still be managed, he would do all in his power to arrange that Mrs. Westmore should be taken in at some neighbouring convent. He would wait one post for an answer on this point, but if he did not hear, he should understand that Mr. Westmore found it too painful to write, and would rather let things take their own course.

Alice managed to slip away into the study almost as soon as dinner was over. The Barkers usually dined in the middle of the day with their children, and Aunt Joanna often preferred their evening meal, half tea and half supper, to a dinner at home. Thus, most opportunely as Alice thought, she was out of the way when Father White called. Emily and Charlie, who had just come home, were on the terrace with Mr. Bellicent, who had dropped in, nominally to consult the young lady about a young women's Bible class which he was organizing, and of which Emily was to be President. Charlie had a brotherly jealousy of any one who came near his sister, and as Mr. Bellicent's monastic obligations did not prevent him from taking a cigar—an indulgence which Emily had long since been schooled to wink at—the three young people were sufficiently occupied.

Father White asked Alice a few more questions, and was surprised at the simple way in which she seemed to take to

Catholic things, as if she had been bred in them. He had found the same "natural Catholicism," if we may use the words, in some of the poor convert girls and lads whom he had instructed, but Alice was almost his first educated convert. This conversation was not long, as he had to hurry on his way to the sick woman in the country, but it soothed and encouraged her inexpressibly. She was alarmed, however, at the idea of his letter to her husband. But she saw that it might delay matters indefinitely if she objected, as he was very firm in his wish to send it before doing more, so she yielded with reluctance, and gave him the address to Flaxhead.

"He cannot be really angry," said Father White. "He is too just. He must remember his promises."

"I know him better than you do," said Alice sadly. "He will be terribly enraged with you. He will never speak to you again."

"If it is I that must suffer, so be it," said the other. "I am more afraid for you. It will be such a blow in Osminster."

"'Not peace, but a sword; not peace, but a sword,'" she repeated mechanically.

Father White saw that she was very wearied, gave her his blessing, and took his leave. As he had to go out of the town at once, and the post-office was in the other direction, he left his letter on the hall-table with the others which were lying there for the servant to send off at the proper time.

Going out of the gate to the road, he met Aunt Joanna. It was impossible to avoid her, and he did not like to seem to hide anything.

"Mrs. Westmore seems unwell this evening," he said. "She has been giving me Mr. Westmore's address."

Aunt Joanna was not quite in the best of tempers that evening. Somehow or other, she and Mr. Hornsea had never been cordial allies. He was always perfectly civil and agreeable, but she felt that he saw through her more than she liked. One or two of his sharp sayings about gossip had been repeated to her only too faithfully by "mutual friends." That evening he had joined, as he often did, the family meal at the Barkers', and had kept them all alive with his stories and funny sayings. She saw how Jane Barker was his humble admirer, and what a power he exercised over the whole family. Once or twice Jane had turned away from her abruptly to listen

to him. When the meal was over, she felt "left out in the cold." Mrs. Barker was occupied with the younger children, and her husband was unceremoniously reading the paper. They did not seem to care for her, and people of her temperament are very touchy. The whole circle seemed so happy together—the children round the mother, Jane sitting on a low stool with her work by Mr. Hornsea's chair, and the senior curate over the *Guardian*. Every now and then there was a little effort of politeness to her. Mrs. Barker addressed a few words to her, or Jane got up and showed her a new drawing. But it was evidently politeness, and nothing more.

Then she was just in time to see Mr. Bellicent emerge from the side door of the garden, the door through which Biddy had entered on the evening after Anemone's accident. He had the end of a cigar in his hand, which he held up while he took leave of Charlie and Emily, who were laughing and joking with each other and him. The cigar was dropped and the cheery merriment ceased as she was seen to pass across the end of the little lane which joined the road by the front gate of the house. There also was mirth and joy in which she had no part.

She let herself in with her latch-key, as was her wont, and scrutinized, as was also her wont, the letters on the table ready for the post. It struck her that she should like to know why Mr. White wanted her brother's direction, and she knew his handwriting very well. Indeed, she knew the handwriting of a great many people who hardly suspected her knowledge, and she had a fatal facility in imitating it also. She looked round, took the letter up, and went up to her own room. A minute or two after the servant came and took the rest of the letters away.

Alice had gone up to her own room at the same time that Father White had left the house. She sat down on a low seat by the window and looked out over the glorious country, which was becoming dim under the twilight. Charlie was walking with his arm round his sister, who was radiant with joy at his return, even after so short an absence, and listening to his adventures at the cricketings and balls of which he had to tell her. They seemed so happy—and beyond, the gleaming river, the darkening landscape, and the evening sky. It looked like a paradise, and she felt that she was the Eve who was to bring to it a kind of desolation, "Not peace but a sword—not peace but a sword!" Then she knelt down before the Madonna

which her husband had given her, and burst into a flow of abundant but consoling tears.

One of the letters which Aunt Joanna had left on the table in the hall was from Alice to Anemone, giving her in a very few words the result of her inquiries as to Mrs. Ritchie. It reached Foxat just after Geoffrey's arrival. Mrs. Arden had written to his house in London, hoping that he would certainly call there on his way through, giving him a more comfortable account of Blanche. She asked him also to beg his sister Lucy to accompany him to Foxat, "if she did not mind such poor company." Lucy was an active, clever young woman, a few years younger than her brother, of rather "broad" views on religion, and given up very much to active work among the poor. She was quiet and unobtrusive in conversation, and by no means "strong-minded" in the less acceptable sense of the terms. Blanche was fond of her, but there was not any deep intimacy between them. Mrs. Arden thought that in the weeks to which they were now looking forward, when it was certain that Blanche would be very ill, Lucy might have been of great use, and she also thought of her as a companion to Anemone, who had promised to stay on. But Lucy was just going off with a friend for a tour of inspection of French hospitals and asylums, and declined the offer.

The meeting between the cousins was sad, but very quiet. Geoffrey seemed to feel it more than Blanche. It was a great shock to him to find her so unlike the bright, joyous girl of whom he had been so fond, so altered in looks, so evidently a sufferer in body as well as in mind. He had not been much with her since her marriage, and now he was living day after day under the same roof. She was quite open and confiding with him, talked a great deal about John, and went over and over again some of their happy days on the Cornice. She was never tired of hearing all that Geoffrey had to tell about Naples and Rome. Then she talked over the children, John's ideas of their characters, how they should be brought up, and the like. All through her conversation there ran a perpetual silent reference to the thought that she was soon to leave them herself.

Catholic Review.

REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

1. *Manual of Universal Church History.* By the Rev. Dr. John Alzog. Translated with additions. By F. J. Pabisch, Doctor of Theology, President of Mount St. Mary's Seminary, Cincinnati, and Rev. Thomas S. Byrne, Professor. Vol. iii. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke and Co.; London: Lockwood and Co., 1878.

DR. ALZOG'S Church History has passed through nine editions in the original language, and the American translators who have just published their third and last volume have bestowed their labour in a useful cause. If the history of three centuries needs rewriting, as it is now admitted that it does, that need arises from the persistent misrepresentation of the action of the Church in contact with the modern world; and therefore a succinct and trustworthy account of the doings of the Church, more especially in the eventful period to which this third volume appertains, is a remedy which goes straight to the source of the disorder.

The volume which is now under discussion begins with the revolt of Martin Luther, and ends with the last year but one of the Pontificate of Pius the Ninth. No other centuries are so crowded with events of living interest to every English-speaking Catholic.

To begin at the end, we extract some statistics which many of our readers may be glad to have in short compass. We learn, on the authority of the Ecclesiastical Gazette of Vienna for the year 1853, that there are about 355,000,000 Christians in the world, and that of these 200,000,000 are Catholics, rather more than 75,000,000 are Oriental Schismatics, and perhaps 80,000,000 Protestants. Protestants are divided into forty larger and one hundred and ten lesser parties. We have 18,000,000 Lutherans, 15,000,000 Anglicans, 12,000,000 United Evangelicals, 18,000,000 Calvinists, Methodists, Presbyterians, Baptists, 17,000,000 various sects. According to later reports, there are 89,000,000 Protestants.¹ It may be lawful to remark by way of commentary that if the Catholic Church is in a miserable minority in England, any particular Protestant sect makes a very sorry figure in Christendom.

The Third Period of the History of the Church from Luther to our own times is divided into two epochs, of which the first extends

¹ P. 1023 note.

from the rise of Protestantism to the Treaty of Westphalia (1517—1648), and the second continues the narrative to the present year of grace.

In the history of the first epoch the origin and earlier movements of Protestantism are carefully examined in three chapters, which form a necessary introduction to the right understanding of the defensive measures of the Church. The more the truth is unfolded, the more the reputation of Christ's correctors, the *Reformers* of the irreformable, suffers damage. Luther's coarse invective was supposed by Lutherans to spring from the indignation of an honest heart, and yet, judged by his own writings, he was not more honest than polite. No one acquainted with the real history of this unhappy man can by any stretch of imagination suppose that he was sent by the Holy Ghost to point out the path to Heaven. But his work was of such a nature that it needed the sanction of a Divine commission, so that, if Martin Luther was not an apostle, the Reformation was not a movement carrying the blessing of Heaven. In this instance, facts are no sooner made known than the unlearned see by intuition what philosophers are forced in the end to confess, that an evil tree cannot bring forth good fruit. The false reputation of Luther has ruined more souls than his preaching, but the work of undeceiving Protestants is steadily progressing, and Dr. Alzog's statement of facts will help the cause of truth.

Dr. Alzog passes from Augsburg to Geneva. Calvin, born at Noyon, in Picardy, in 1509, first took up his abode in Geneva, 1536. He was at first very unpopular, and was expelled with his friends after a residence of two years. Three years later, he was recalled, and intrusted with despotic power, of which he made a cruel use.

He had the physician *Bolsec* banished for assailing the Calvinistic doctrine of predestination; he had *Ameaux*, one of the Council of Twenty-five, cast into prison, because, *it was said*, he had spoken disrespectfully of both the reformer and his reform; he ordered the execution (1548) of *Gruet* for having written words of menace against him, though he himself had given Gruet abundant provocation for the use of intemperate language, by publicly calling him a *dog* at a meeting of the Council. *Gentilis*, who charged Calvin with holding erroneous views on the Trinity, was in consequence condemned to death, and though escaping the severe sentence for a time by retracting the charge and offering ample apologies, was eventually beheaded at Berne (1566). *Michael Servete*, a Spanish physician, was seized by the despotic orders of Calvin while passing through Geneva, and burnt at the stake (1553), for having published certain heretical propositions concerning the Trinity. The Libertine *Berthelier* underwent a like punishment. It would seem that one who himself explained the mystery of the Trinity so indifferently, and whose views were so vehemently assailed by those of his own sect, should have been a trifle less bloodthirsty towards those who differed from him. . . . His memory, long held in honour, has gradually fallen into disrepute. At his third *centennial celebration* in 1864, the inhabitants of Geneva refused to acknowledge him either as their national hero or national saint, and by way of protesting against the celebration altogether, stuck up posters containing the capital sentences against Servete and Berthelier. In 1860, his latest descendant, a citizen of Noyon, of high standing and good character, returned to the bosom of the Catholic Church (pp. 148, 149).

The value of a good History of the Church does not consist in the rectification of a few wrong impressions, or the unmasking of a false prophet here and there, but in the trustworthy narrative of a long series of events bearing upon religion, which precisely because they are of the deepest human interest have been too often distorted for party purposes, when they most needed calm treatment at the hands of one who loves truth for its own sake.

The development of Protestantism is traced in Germany, Poland, Sweden, Denmark, England, Scotland, Ireland, France, the Netherlands. Another chapter on the internal characteristics of the reformed religions prepares the way for the history of the Council of Trent and Catholic fidelity.

The second epoch (1648—1878) is subdivided. The first part ends with the French Revolution, one chapter being devoted to Catholic affairs, and one to Protestant. The same order is observed in the treatment of the remaining time and the Pontificate of Pius the Ninth receives a fuller mention.

The Reverend Editors have not restricted themselves to mere translation. Many judicious additions to the text and explanatory notes inserted by them increase the value of the book to students, for whom, it is scarcely necessary to say, that it is primarily intended.

Three excellent ecclesiastical maps of North America, of Western and Southern Europe with Western Asia, and of the world, fill up the measure of its completeness.

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2. *Ethics or Moral Philosophy.* By Walter H. Hill, S.J. Baltimore: Murphy and Co. London: Burns and Oates. 1878.

A treatise on Moral Philosophy cannot in these days of much science and little knowledge be too "elementary." When Father Hill says that he has omitted much speculative inquiry in order to confine himself to what is of chief importance to students, he only raises our expectations. If the men who lay down laws of thought which contradict the primary assertions of universal and uneducated reason would condescend to sit upon the benches before mounting to the professorial chair; if the men who daily discover new definitions of right and wrong would make one effort first to understand the Moral Philosophy of the Catholic Church, our generation would be the wiser by the absence of many mischievous absurdities. Short, plain-spoken expositions of true principles, such as Father Hill gives in this useful treatise, will help to counteract the process of mystification by which the false philosophy, prevalent now, too often succeeds in undermining faith, though it can offer nothing in exchange.

In the first part, the Constituents of Morality, the End of Human Action, the Conditions which accompany it, the influence of Law and Conscience are considered.

In the second part, the ideas of Right and Duty are deduced and applied.

The intention of the author has been to make a class-book for students, but we know of no reason for confining sound teaching to the walls of a college, when unsound teaching is swallowed in large doses in every public reading-room.

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3. *Lives of the Early Popes.* St. Peter to St. Silvester. By the Rev. Thomas Meyrick, M.A., Author of *The Life of St. Wenefred*, &c. Washbourne, 1878.

There is in this interesting volume an evident desire to avoid all display of erudition. We find no learned notes and only three appendices. In one or two instances we could wish that the object proposed by the Author to himself had not tied his narrative so exclusively to the guidance of the authorities named in the Preface. The story of Pope Marcellinus at Sinuessa should not be inserted without a voucher, even in a book so modest and unpretending as this "simple consecutive account of the lives of the early Popes."

With this little animadversion our fault-finding begins and ends; for the purpose of the book is praiseworthy and the style attractive. The early Popes who, with the marked exception of the first, are to most people little more than names, come before us like men of flesh and blood. Their work is quietly unfolded before our eyes in the most delightfully natural manner. The volume is densely packed with facts, but, like pebbles in a brook, instead of vexing the course of the story by their multitude they seem only to make it flow more cheerily; so that in spite of the great array of persons and places which presents it to the mind of the reader in rapid succession, nothing could well be more unlike a dictionary of dates. It was impossible to give an adequate notion of the difficulties against which the early Church had to contend, without saying something of heathen Rome, but it would have been easy to give too much, and thereby distract the attention from the central object.

The concluding chapter, the Fall of Heathenism, is not by any means as simple as it seems. In it we have the condensed results of much intelligent reflexion bestowed upon a large and important subject.

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4. *Manual of Instructions and Devotions for Children of Mary.* John Chisholm. London, Dublin, and Edinburgh. 1878.

To the highly privileged ladies for whom exclusively this prayer-book is provided, it will supply a want long felt. It is not a translation, but an imitation, and in part an adaptation, of the *Libellus Precum* of Sodalists. The Sodality of Children of Mary is an extension to the "devout female sex" of the rules and spiritual treasures of the Sodality of the Roman College. As for Sodalists, so also for Children of Mary, affiliation to the *Prima Primaria* Congregation in Rome is an indis-

pensable condition of true membership. The Sodality was established by Father John Léon, S.J., of the Roman College, in 1563. The first congregation for women was founded at Syracuse in 1581. Pius the Ninth, in a brief addressed to the General of the Society of Jesus, in 1864, said :

We desire nothing more ardently than to see the faithful, and particularly the young, enrolling themselves in these congregations, whose principal end is to nourish devotion towards the Immaculate Mother of God.

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5. *What Catholics do not Believe.* By the Right Rev. P. J. Ryan, Bishop of Tricomia. R. Washbourne, London.

The title of this lecture is suggestive of a very useful subject, the clear and emphatic denial that Catholic doctrine or practice is that which Protestant misrepresentation tries to make it out to be. A treatment such as this of the chief controverted points between the Church and non-Catholics, taking each one in order, would, we conceive, help to cut the ground away from the feet of many Protestant objectors. The Bishop's lecture answers somewhat indirectly to its title, for it was not his object, under the circumstances, to keep this mode of dealing with his subject so steadily before his hearers. These circumstances, though thoroughly American in character, could scarcely have occurred in England. The lecture was addressed to a large number of Protestants in the Mercantile Library Hall of St. Louis, in presence of the Rev. Dr. Snyder, Pastor of the Unitarian body, and as an answer to his invitation that the Bishop should preach some Sunday evening in his Unitarian chapel.

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6. *Month dedicated to the Seraphic Patriarch St. Francis*, by his Children and Devout Clients. Translated from the Italian of Father Candido Mariotti. London : Burns and Oates. 1878.

As Cardinal Manning says in his commendation of this excellent book of meditations and examples, "the world was converted by the humility, poverty, and charity of Jesus in the beginning, and it will be converted by nothing else at this day." St. Francis has already done much for England. May he by the exemplary life of his sons and daughters, both in the cloister and in the family, do a yet greater work in the coming crisis. The study of a life like his, so grand in its simplicity of faith and earnestness of purpose, should be a powerful antidote to the superficial worldliness and abject littleness with which we are too painfully familiar. The unseen world which withdraws itself from the direct gaze of "animal" men is made visible in some sort even to them, as by reflected light, in the heavenly conversation of this faithful imitator of Jesus, meek and humble of heart. *Franciscus, pauper et humilis, dives cælum ingreditur.* There is nothing new in the plan of this little meditation book. For each of thirty-one days we have a meditation, an example, a maxim, and a prayer.

Notes on the Press.

IT may be in the recollection of some of our readers that a few years ago we began, and continued for a very short time, some notices of what had appeared in current periodicals of the same general character with our own. The occasion which led us to this was the appearance of some very discreditable articles in a monthly magazine, on some of the minor saints, whose acts are recorded by the Bollandists. It must be obvious to any one who is at all versed in the current literature of which we speak, that much good might be done by a consistent and continual watch exercised over that part of the English Press in the interests of Catholic truth. We were at the time unable to continue the series, as its continuance would have involved an amount of labour for which we were quite unable to provide, and it is better to leave an undertaking of that sort alone, unless it can be done carefully and completely, at least as far as it goes. We are now about, most probably, to enlarge our space, and we think it time to attempt the resumption of the work of which we speak, with one or two modifications. That is, we shall not think it necessary to confine ourselves to controversial matters, or to the exposure of falsehood, historical or doctrinal. There are many features in the periodical Press, of this and other countries, which are well worthy of more notice than they receive from those who do not ordinarily see many of the numberless reviews of various kinds which are now so influential. We shall hope from time to time to make some of these various features better known to our readers than they are likely to be, and we shall not confine ourselves to any one class or topic.

We shall add one word more by way of preface. In our present number we are forced, much against our will, to deal with matters which relate to ourselves, and to attacks which have been made upon us now for some months past in one of the English Catholic papers. As long as these attacks were only personalities, we left them alone as far as possible. But we do not think it right to keep silence as to statements, the direct tendency of which, whatever may be the object of their author, as to which we are no judges, is to represent this Review as hostile to the English secular clergy, disrespectful to the Bishops, and not quite free from heterodoxy itself. But we entreat our readers to believe that we intend not to take occasion to trouble

them with this sort of thing in general. The "Notes on the Press," which we are now re-commencing, we hope will, ordinarily, refer to matters far more interesting and edifying than that to which, in our present issue, we have to refer once for all, and at such considerable length, for the very purpose of never having to return to it.

I.—THE LAST NUMBER OF THE "DUBLIN REVIEW."

The last number of the *Dublin Review* will be remarkable among the series to which it belongs as being the last which appeared under the editorship of Dr. Ward. It has never been our practice to notice Catholic Papers and Reviews as a matter of course, for we have always thought, and even contended, that it was far better for the different members of our scanty Catholic press to work side by side without criticizing one another. That is the rule in English literature generally, and we cannot say that what breaches there have been of that rule among ourselves from time to time have done much to make us alter our opinion. But we may fairly take the opportunity of saying in public, what we have often said in private, since the intelligence reached us of which we speak, that we shall regret very much the circumstances which make it, as he thinks, imperative on Dr. Ward to give himself more rest and leisure than are compatible with his continuance at the post which he has so long occupied, with so much devotion and zeal, and at the cost of a great deal more than mere personal labour. There can be no doubt that the *Dublin Review* had fallen from its first distinguished position when he took it up, and that, in his hands, it has become recognized as, in many respects, a most authoritative exponent of Catholic views and policy. But we are not to be led into a disquisition on the character of our contemporary, when we merely wish to express our most sincere and hearty appreciation of the very high personal qualities which Dr. Ward brought to the discharge of his difficult task. We may be allowed to say that no one who ever had to do with him, in any way, could help liking and admiring him. He was an earnest champion of any cause which he took up, whether before he became a Catholic or after, and if he was a hard hitter, he was always kind and always generous. If he had been in the House of Commons—a position for which his powers would very well have fitted him—he would have been a popular member of that most fastidious assembly, for the same reasons which have made men like Lord Palmerston popular even with their opponents—their unfailing good humour and *bon-homme*.

Happily the time has not come for any Catholic writer to give an account of Dr. Ward's various writings, and we do not understand that he has to lay aside his pen at the same time that he divests himself of his editorial mantle. We leave, therefore all such topics aside on the present occasion. It is understood that the editorship of the *Dublin Review* will be in future in the able hands of Bishop Hedley, the Coadjutor Bishop in the diocese of Newport and Menevia. Bishop

Hedley is already well known among us as the author of several brilliant articles in the *Dublin*, and the English Catholics have every reason to congratulate themselves on the judicious choice which has been made. We wish him all success, as Dr. Ward wished all success to the MONTH when it first came into the hands of its present managers. And we do this all the more readily, on account of a report which appears to have been disseminated by some ill-informed persons, that the writers in this Review were to be considered in some way hostile to the *Dublin* under its new editorship. Nothing could be more absurd. We have each our own work to do, and we shall probably labour at it with the heartiest goodwill to one another.

2.—ON A LATE SERIES OF ARTICLES IN THE "TABLET."

There is an old saying, "It takes one man to light a fire, and a good many to put it out." Few persons know the truth of this better than those on whom the duty may have fallen of vindicating plain statements from the misconceptions and misrepresentations to which they have given occasion on the part, even, of adversaries as to whose good faith there can be little doubt. That is, in reference to the kind of matter of which we are about to speak, it often requires a great many words to remove a false impression which half a sentence has created, and a good many pages to explain assertions in themselves short, to which an erroneous interpretation has been attributed. We must make this single remark by way of preface to a paper which we fear must run to a greater length than we could wish, and may to some extent tax the patience of our own readers, who will need but little from us in the way of explanation of what will hardly seem to them to require defence. We should not defend ourselves on the present occasion, did we not think that serious good might be lost if we did not do so.

We shall divide our remarks into sections according to the series of remarks which we have to notice.

§ 1.—*The Tablet on September 14, 1878.*

In our number of September last we published an article entitled, *The Tractarian and Ritualistic Views of the Episcopate*. The object of that article was to point out the extreme divergence of the view practically taken of the Episcopate by the old Tractarians, as represented by Dr. Newman, in the various pamphlets and letters lately republished by him, under the name of the *Via Media*, and the view taken of the same Episcopate by the Ritualists of our times. How far this object was attained, it is not for us to say; but we may quote the account given of the article in question by the *Tablet* newspaper, in a short review which appeared a fortnight after the time when the number for September was in the Reviewer's hands—

The MONTH for September opens with a thoughtful article on the "Tractarian and Ritualistic views of the Episcopate." The contrast between the opinions of the High Church party of thirty-five years ago, as regards

the obedience due to Bishops, and those of their descendants of the present day is well brought out, Dr. Newman being of course taken as the type of the earlier Anglicans. The Catholic notion of the submission due to the Episcopate is also very fairly stated, though not, perhaps, without what may be called a *regular* bias, and we are not sure that the opinion of the writer, that no more authority belongs to an extra-synodical gathering of Bishops than is due to the authority of each of them, would be universally accepted.

We shall notice, before we conclude, the doubtful point as to which this critic expresses his inclination to question one of the statements in the article of which we speak. For the present, we are only concerned with the article as a whole. Writers in periodicals are often liable not to foresee every possible objection or criticism that may be made in what they write, and they have very frequently to send their compositions to the printer when they would gladly have had more time to improve them. We are not going to apologize for the article in question, for we are ready, on the contrary, to defend it and to reassert its line of argument—nor, indeed, are we aware that any one of its statements has been directly challenged, or its accuracy called in question, unless we take as such questioning the hesitating words of the *Tablet* just now quoted, as to one of them. But we are ourselves in the habit of writing with the free confidence of persons who are not unknown to the small community for which we mainly write, and whose statements, therefore, even if occasionally capable of more interpretations than one, will certainly be interpreted favourably. In the present case, and at the present time, we make two remarks on this article before we pass on, though we shall have to return, in a later page, to some citations which have been made from it. In the first place, we remark that, in dealing with the two views of the Episcopate entertained by the Tractarians and Ritualists respectively, it was altogether beside the question to say a single word about the undoubted fact that neither Tractarians nor Ritualists had or have any real Bishops at all to deal with. Strictly speaking, the word “bishop” ought to have been placed in inverted commas whenever it referred to Anglicans. As the rights and prerogatives of a true Catholic Episcopacy were not unfrequently—indeed, were often necessarily—mentioned, it was an inevitable feature in the article that the word Bishop should be used indiscriminately of Catholic Bishops and of Anglican pretenders to the name. We are not aware of any passage in the article in which this use of the word Bishop could fairly lead to any misconception on the part of a well-disposed reader; and if any such passage existed, we should at once blame ourselves for want of caution. But at the same time we observe that language of this kind presents the most favourable possible opportunity to persons who are disposed to read it through the glasses of prejudice and hostility, and, in the same way, to the easiest possible misrepresentation of the whole article by unfair, disingenuous, or even simply careless quotation.

And the other remark we have to make is this. With the evidence furnished him from a great many different sources, by what has appeared

from time to time in one at least of the Catholic papers, as well as elsewhere, the writer of the article could not but be aware that there was a tendency among some English Catholics, if not to ignore the limitations of the prerogatives of the Episcopate by those of the Holy See, at least to ignore to some extent that action of that paramount authority of the Holy See, the entire absence of all consideration for which was the fatal flaw both to the Tractarian and Ritualistic systems. The Tractarians, for want of such consideration, seemed to him to erect the "Bench of Bishops" into a supreme authority, representing the "Church" in a way which individual Bishops did not. Of this there is abundant evidence in Dr. Newman's volume, and even that great writer himself took, as it is said in the article in question, the "Bench of Bishops" as speaking in the name of the whole Anglican Communion. The Ritualists, on the other hand, more unreasonably, because without the slightest excuse on any even specious historical grounds, revolted against all authority whether collective or individual, and could not logically be said to have any supreme authority but themselves. The faults of both systems were to be met only by the full comprehension of the divinely ordered supremacy of the Roman Pontiff, which is professed heartily by all English Catholics, while at the same time, for want of knowledge of canon law and other reasons, some certainly inadequate ideas on the practical extent and use of that supremacy were current in certain quarters among them. No one could for an instant suppose that the Bishops themselves shared in these misconceptions, to which the writer could therefore allude, if he so chose, with perfect freedom from even the appearance of assailing *them*. In the same entire confidence, after the article was in type, a footnote was appended by a friend whose knowledge of canon law is at least equal to that of any other ecclesiastic in England. This footnote spoke strongly about the injury done to the prerogatives of the Holy See by the authors of certain statements which were freely circulated among English Catholics, the tendency of which was to throw the blame of rebellion against lawful authority on Regulars who were but using the privileges of their Institutes as conferred on them by the Holy See. For this note, of course, as well as for the article to which it was appended, we were and are most fully responsible. The fact that the attacks which we are going to notice have been renewed now for three successive months by a writer in the *Tablet*, gives us at least one advantage—that of being able to look back over the interval which has elapsed since the article and note saw the light. No one has ventured to question, as far as we know, the truth of the doctrine of either. On the other hand, we have before us very many proofs of the great misconceptions which existed on the subject, which have been removed from many minds by the simple statements which we have made. We do not even regret that attention should have been called to the matter by the *Tablet* newspaper. All that we can regret is the manner and tone in which this has been done by a particular writer, who we believe will

some day feel the same regret and apologize for his mistake. It is obvious that, in a community like ours, it is extremely easy to set false impressions in circulation, and extremely difficult to correct them in the cause of truth, without touching, or seeming to touch, personal matters.

§ 2.—*The Tablet on September 21, 1878.*

We have already quoted the notice which appeared in the *Tablet* newspaper in its ordinary criticism of THE MONTH AND CATHOLIC REVIEW on the 14th of September. As regards the main object of the article of which we are speaking, there is nothing to complain of in that notice, though on other grounds we had some reason to be amused at it. We cannot, however, say the same of the next step taken in the matter by the writer in the *Tablet*. A week after the first review of the MONTH of September, there appeared from the same pen a leading article in the same paper, in which very grave charges indeed were brought against the article of the MONTH, and brought in that particularly unpleasant way of professing to report what other people thought and said, without any direct statement on the part of the writer that he himself adopted the charges. At the very same time that this, not eminently generous, method was adopted by the writer, he began by general charges against this Review, of habitual unstraightforwardness, of "invoking a certain cloudiness," under which the writer was said to retreat when brought face to face with his words, of being "quick to show you that another meaning attaches to his words, and going off perhaps with half an apology and an inuendo." We were accused—not, unhappily, in so many words, but by questions and insinuations—of having written the whole article in question for the sake of the note (the foot-note already mentioned), of having inserted sentences in almost every preceding page which seem to have been prepared to lead up to it, and, in the end, of having insinuated a charge against the English Catholic Bishops, based upon their policy as regards education. Having thus made us out to be accusers of the Bishops, the writer went on to tell his readers what other people thought and said our accusations were. There could be but two points as to which this charge could be intelligible. The first of these it was imagined might be the inspection and examination into the state of religious knowledge in the elementary schools under the charge of the Fathers of the Society of Jesus, as to which point he informed the public that there was at that moment a question pending between the Bishops and the Society at Rome. The second of these points related to the question of higher education, as to which he quoted a long passage from the Pastoral in which the Bishops, in 1874, announced the beginning of the Catholic College at Kensington. The purpose for which this passage was quoted by the writer in the *Tablet*, was to prove that the rights and privileges of regulars, and the perfect independence and autonomy of all "their existing and future colleges"—we suppose it was meant, any future colleges which they might open under the control of the body called the "Senate" of the Catholic University—a body certainly not con-

fined to Regulars—were most carefully guarded. Then, having pointed out exactly what we must have meant, the writer went on to blame the MONTH for having been the first to refer in public to questions at issue "before the peaceful tribunals of the Holy See," and for appealing concerning them to public Catholic opinion. He added that the MONTH was as bad as the Ritualists in their treatment of Bishops, except that the Ritualists openly denounced them, while the MONTH made veiled attacks upon them. The article ended by an attempt to separate the writers of the MONTH from the Society of which they are members.

§ 3.—*The Tablet on October 5, 1878.*

Our readers are aware that we answered this article of the *Tablet* in our October number, not, indeed, going into the personal charges contained in it, but simply pointing out that the whole of the facts therein assumed were absolutely false; that we had not referred to the Bishops at all, nor to anything they had done, and that in consequence the charges of bringing before the public the matters that were under judgment at Rome must be retorted on the *Tablet* itself. The answer to this note of ours was such as will also be in the memory of those of our readers who have cared to follow the sayings and doings of the *Tablet* in this matter. And we shall not now refer to it more in detail than is required to explain in a note, to any to whom explanation is necessary, why it is that we have been obliged to say of it that we cannot call it fair or generous.¹

¹ This language of ours has been complained of, and we therefore simply say what we mean by it. The misrepresentation of which the writer in the *Tablet* had been guilty was no common slip; he had imagined a whole plot, a series of manœuvres on our part, in order to bring about a certain result. The whole thing was an imagination, and not a very healthy one, from beginning to end, and it so happened, by the accident of the different and independent authorship of the article and the note, that a great part of what was imputed to us was not only a bad dream, but an impossibility. Moreover, the charges made against us were very grave, and—though this is a matter of minor importance—were accompanied by a number of very unnecessary and unornamental personalities. Now a writer who has dug a pit of this kind for himself is at liberty to extricate himself in his own way. He may add to the gravity of his insinuations, if he likes, by casting discredit on the disclaimer of the author or authors whom he has attacked; or, if he likes, he may act fairly and generously, acknowledge that he has done a wrong, withdraw his words, and apologize for them. But he cannot take both these lines at once. He cannot at once withdraw, and repeat, his accusation, express his sorrow and continue his offence. Yet we cannot say that the writer in the *Tablet* did anything but this. The Kingsleyan formula, "I am glad to find you did not mean it, but you certainly said it, and you ought to be very much obliged to me for letting you deny what your words conveyed," is, we fear, not altogether banished from controversy. In our opinion, it is simply a reassertion of the charge which it is supposed to retract, and we take the liberty of saying that no man who uses it acts to his opponent either fairly or generously. A man who accuses a friend of having joined his family party and conversed with him for half-an-hour, in order to pick his pocket of a valuable watch, and then goes upstairs and finds it on his dressing-table, can hardly be said to act very nobly and candidly if he tells the other that his charges "fall to the ground," but that he was just the sort of fellow of whom they might have been true.

It would have been much more convenient, both to ourselves and our readers, if this writer in the *Tablet* could have persuaded himself to come out at once with all that he had to say against the article in our September number of which we have been hitherto speaking. Instead of this, he has practically reviewed it four several times, and we do not even now know whether he has done. We may add that it is a rule of disputation, to keep to one point, and when an answer has been made, to meet that answer by a rejoinder on the same subject-matter. We need not allude to the criticism which is usually made on writers who do not observe these very plain and simple requirements. What we have to say of the writer before us is that he has not only changed his line of attack over and over again, but that he has allowed to himself a recklessness and carelessness of quotation and inference which cannot be tolerated by those whom he attacks. We shall give some instances of this before we return to the subject of our September article, as to which, we are glad to say, we can answer him the more easily, because he has committed himself to quotations. But it is not the same with another article of ours which also he has attacked. This article is one called *Dangers to the Church in France and England*. It appeared in our October number, and has been twice attacked by the writer of whom we are speaking. In only one instance has he given the words on which he was commenting. Our readers will understand that we notice his criticisms as far as we do, chiefly for the purpose of showing the animus in which these criticisms are written. The article itself we need neither repeat nor describe. For the sake of convenience we take his objections in the order in which they stand in his last article (November 9) which appears to us singularly careless in its imputations.

4.—*The Tablet on November 9, 1878.*

(1) Our article mentioned, among other disadvantages under which we labour, as to vocations for the priesthood, the "absence of education continued at a University after school days are over." This, it is said, "seemed to us"—why not seems?—"to favour the desire for a Catholic College at Oxford." That is, to say that it is a disadvantage to Catholics that they have no University, is to say that it is desirable to have a Catholic College in a Protestant University. A charge like this surely needs no comment. And we take the liberty of reasserting the proposition in its original terms. The effect of this imputation in the *Tablet* is to throw a doubt on our loyalty to the Holy See.

(2) From another passage the writer "gathers that the work of the secular clergy is parochial and administrative, and that the work of the regular clergy is education in its higher spheres, publishing and preaching learned defences of Catholic doctrine, and missions at home and to the heathen, and that whenever secular clergy engage in these services they are to be considered as exceptional men." The writer who has "gathered" all this has simply misunderstood and misrepresented the passage. The passage argues,² in answer to an implied proposition of

² P. 135.

M. Bougaud, that a great variety of services to the Church, such as those mentioned above, are not to be the work of the secular clergy *alone*. And when it speaks of missions, writing, higher education, and the like, it does not name the secular clergy, but the *parochial* clergy, and those whose time is occupied in the administration of government—and it adds, "if so many of these in each generation have made themselves conspicuous for services of this kind, they have been themselves exceptional men." Who can question either the truth of the statement, or the fact of its misrepresentation by the writer in the *Tablet*? The effect of this misrepresentation is to raise a prejudice against us, as hostile to the secular clergy.

(3) We are supposed to have attacked the Catholic English newspapers because, in answer to M. Bougaud's regret that the Catholic press in France has fallen entirely out of the hands of the clergy, we argued that the management of the press was exactly one of the things that laymen could do. "What are well-educated laymen to do," we said, "if they are not to write in religious newspapers, and to take a leading part in a number of other departments of the work of Christian defence, in the widest scope of the term? It is quite true that laymen may go beyond their tether, but so may those who are not laymen. What may be called, in a wide sense, Catholic politics, the defence and representation of the Catholic side in the countless questions of the day which concern the Church, are very well indeed in the hands of laymen, who may be guided as to their line of action by the advice of her authorities, and as to all statements and arguments which concern dogma, by that of her theologians." It appears to us that to vindicate the liberty of the laity to defend the Church in the press is practically to vindicate the English Catholic papers, which are written and edited by laymen, as well as others. But it appears to be a matter of offence that a writer in the *MONTH* should say that our Catholic papers "do not even aim at the formation of Catholic opinion, and are defective in a variety of other ways." The writer has left out a very important word, which has a direct bearing on the argument about the services of laymen. What we did say was that our papers in England and Ireland are far too modest in their aspirations to aim at the formation of *clerical* or Catholic opinion, and we alluded to the position of the *Univers* in France, a position which we should consider it a calamity to see at the command of any English Catholic paper. Now the Catholic papers are in the habit of expressing their opinions month after month, or week after week, or, as is the case with this writer, sometimes three or four times over, on the *MONTH*, and other periodicals. We do not feel called upon to read them homilies in return, though we have constantly received very particular advice indeed from them.³ We look upon the habit of volunteering advice, as to how this paper or that

³ See the article just quoted (September 14), in which the writer hopes that we are not going to become a Review—which we have tried to be for many years past—and tells us very kindly how our numbers should be composed.

periodical ought to be conducted, as one of the many calamities and miseries of the press of a small community. But we have never thought it unwarrantable to express our opinion incidentally, nor, as far as we know, are such expressions resented. It seems that it is different, if not with the *Tablet*, at least with the writer before us. He goes on in a passage which, we are sorry to say, contains some very indefensible statements. We had said that the *Univers* was a good paper for news, that it had good war correspondents, good foreign correspondents, that it sifted the telegrams, and did a great many more, not unlaborious, pieces of work which make its information worth having, while its occasional reviews of literature are excellent. "We mention these things," it was said, "by way of showing that it is not an easy matter to manage a newspaper well, and we can hardly think that it can be the mind of the Church that *all* this work should fall on the shoulders of the Bishops and secular clergy." Then follows the passage about the occupation of laymen which has already been quoted. This time again we find the writer leaving out an important word. It will hardly be believed, but so it is, that this writer represents this passage as if we had said that it was the mind of the Church that the secular clergy should *never* occupy themselves with the publication of newspapers. That is, we say they are not meant to do *all* this work, to the exclusion of laymen—for that is the question with M. Bougaud—and this writer represents us as saying that they are to take no part in it at all. And he adds, that we have used this "with two personal allusions which are perfectly transparent." There is some difficulty in dealing with a man who first of all tells you that you "mystify," and "invoke cloudiness," and that no one can see what you mean, and then, in the next place, that he knows what you mean better than you know it yourself. At the risk of having our statement questioned, we proceed to assert in the most positive manner first, that we made no personal allusions at all; and, then, that at this moment we do not know to whom we can be fairly supposed to have alluded; and lastly, that we see no reason whatever why we should have refrained from saying what we did, even if it had been necessary to allude to any one. It really appears as if this writer thought that the editors and proprietors of newspapers were persons of a "sacrosanct" character, who must never even be alluded to. We know of no bishop or priest who is employed in the work of which we were speaking in the passage quoted, which is inaccurately described as "occupation in the publication of newspapers." It is the hard drudgery of making a newspaper a good one of which our argument required us to speak, and of that alone. We know that one English Bishop is proprietor of the *Tablet*, and is to become, if he has not become already, the proprietor of the *Dublin Review*—a class of publication which does not exist in France, and which lies altogether outside the line of our argument. We have understood—perhaps we are henceforth to suppose, that we understood wrongly—that the Bishop of Salford interfered very little indeed with

the management of the *Tablet*, leaving it entirely in the hands of his able and amiable editor. But we assert, without any fear of contradiction, that if he takes up the kind of work of which we were speaking, he will very soon get tired of it. We also know, but we doubt whether we knew at the time when the article was written, that Bishop Hedley is to have the management of the *Dublin Review*—news over which we most sincerely rejoice, believing that he is one of the best men in England for the responsibilities of that important office. The effect of this third misrepresentation is to impute to us hostility to the Catholic newspapers, and an opinion which we never entertained or expressed as to the work of priests in the press.

How long it takes to get through the misrepresentations of a single half column! One more remains, by far the worst of all, as to which we shall be very short. The writer mentions—he does not quote—a few lines at the end of the article, in which he says that the MONTH urges, "as a means of preventing jealousy and displeasure at work done by others, because we cannot do it ourselves, the throwing open of every diocese to every Religious Order that wishes to enter it." This interpretation is as simple an invention as the transparent personal allusions of which we have just heard. But as is not usually the case with the statements of this writer, the sentence may be read, by one who is determined to find fault with it, as including, in some vague way, the opinion which he imputes to us. For, it speaks generally against the spirit of jealousy and exclusiveness, which we believe to be one of the worst and most mischievous that can infect any Catholic community at any time. It is clear that general language of this kind may be understood as intended for all to whom it may apply. But jealousies and rivalries are between equals, and that ought to be enough to exclude the Bishops from the interpretation, and, if the Bishops had been aimed at, all due respect to their lordships would be guarded by the words "as far as possible"—in which, of course, the due exercise of all episcopal authority and wisdom is included. But we should be glad indeed to think that there were no jealousies and rivalries to be got over, which are difficulties "to the opening as widely as possible the gates of the field of evangelical labours of every kind"—except those, if they exist anywhere, which hinder the admission of Regular Orders to dioceses in which they might otherwise be working. For there are a hundred difficulties of other kinds for one of this. And with regard to this, we repudiate entirely as injurious the interpretation of our words which would make us question the perfect right of the Bishops to refuse such admission, or the wisdom of the Church in conferring that right upon them. To question either would be in our mind a simple absurdity. The effect of this misrepresentation is to charge us with disrespect for the Bishops.

We have said enough, in dealing with this writer's misrepresentations, of our article in October, to show what must be the cause of such extraordinary perversions. It is clear that he must have read

the article with a hostile *animus*, and then quoted it from memory without references. We now proceed to the remainder of his article of November, which we may conveniently divide into two parts: first, that which relates to the September article of the MONTH, and secondly, that which deals with our article in our last number.

§ 5.—*The Tablet in November on the MONTH of September.*

In the first part of this article, then, the writer gives the reasons on which his belief was founded as to the "veiled attacks," on the Bishops, which he imagines were contained in the September article of the MONTH. We shall deal with these *seriatim*. First, he says that at the time the last article was published it was well known in England that a question had arisen between the Society of Jesus and the Bishops as to the examination of poor schools under the direction of the Fathers. This is perfectly true. Questions of this sort must arise, and they reflect no discredit on either party. As far as we understand the facts, a claim was made by certain Bishops, was objected to, and the matter referred to Rome. Put it at the worst, it was not an actual encroachment, but a claim to what seemed an encroachment. This is the question which the writer before us had already mentioned once before, being, as far as we know, the first public writer in England to mention a case actually before the tribunals at Rome. He now adds another: "It was spoken of as a hardship and a further encroachment of these rights that a Bishop should object to their establishing a College in any mission of which they might have the charge." This, we believe, is altogether incorrect. It would be more true to say, that the Society was spoken of as rebellious against the diocesan authority, because it had asserted its right to open a College where it had a Church, and it was asserted that when it did that, the Bishop had the right to inflict ecclesiastical censures on it, unless the College was closed. So far from its being said to be an encroachment on the rights of the Society for a Bishop to "object" to the opening of a College, it was well known that when a Bishop, under such circumstances, had stated his objection to the Father General, his request that the College might be closed by the authority which had opened it was at once complied with. How can an "objection" to a particular exercise of a right, all discussion as to the existence of which is waived, be called an encroachment on that right?⁴

This being the state of things, the writer proceeds to argue, there were certain sentences in the article of the MONTH which justified him in supposing that our footnote was aimed at the Bishops. He proceeds to quote five passages as having been the ground of his opinion. Now here we must venture, as courteously as possible, to beg him to reflect a little on the character of this statement. We have the most absolute conviction that he thinks his impression was founded on

⁴ We may as well add, that an altogether inaccurate account of this transaction, quoted from the *Germania*, appeared in the *Tablet*, June 5, 1875.

these passages, but we do not think him to be right, for three very good reasons. In the first place we have his first article, written after he had read the MONTH, in which he says nothing of the kind, and several things of a contrary kind. In the second place we have his second article, in which he alleges some things of the same kind, but different things. In the third place we have the passages themselves, which read in their context, as he must have read them, so evidently refer to matters that have nothing at all to do with Catholic Bishops, that no unprejudiced eye could see in them what this writer imagines himself to have seen.

The first passage is one in which our writer is simply explaining Dr. Newman's position as to his Anglican Bishop, of whom, in the passage quoted from the *Apologia*, he said, "My own Bishop was my Pope." Our writer remarks^b that there are two objections to this theory—the one on the ground of unity, the other on the ground of the possible lapse of any individual Bishop into heresy, or some such conduct as might result in disturbance of peace. Then at the end of the paragraph he adds, in explanation of Dr. Newman's position, a reference to his inexperience of either of these two dangers. "It must be remembered that Dr. Newman had on the one hand, no other point in the Anglican system on which to rest his obedience but^c his Bishop, and on the other hand, no personal experience of a Bishop whom he considered heretical, or who encroached on the rights of others in the exercise of his office." This sentence, with reference to what goes before, would be imperfect if any word was omitted, and it is an absolutely gratuitous piece of criticism to see in it any reference to current facts. We might as well be accused of insinuating that the Bishops are heretical.

The second passage, which is supposed to refer to the "encroachments" of the Bishops as to poor schools and Colleges is this: "The Bishops of a Province may meet in Synod, and an unquestioned authority attaches to their Synodical action, which, however, must be approved at Rome. But, apart from a Synod, an informal aggregate of Bishops speaks with no more authority than belongs to each one of them." What on earth this has to do with producing the impression referred to, we cannot imagine. We have never heard of an informal meeting of Bishops taking any action whatever on the points referred to. The writer is speaking of the Anglican "Bench of Bishops," and he says Dr. Newman was right in not thinking much of them. The Anglican Bishops at that time did not meet even in Convocation, they simply held "informal meetings." "Such bodies, in fact, have no definite or distinct position in the Catholic system." But we shall take this opportunity of saying that, although these words can have no possible reference to any action of the Bishops, we consider that they embody a truth which it is very well to insist upon, not of course as against the Bishops, but as against some

^b Page 6. ^c It is printed *to* instead of *but*, but the misprint is evident.

current ways of speaking concerning them. Mr. Petre will forgive us if we bring him in once more by referring to some words of his on which we had lately to remark. He speaks of the "Hierarchy" as having the sole right to lay down the limits of popular discussion as to matters of education. Now here we say the Catholic system does not speak of the Hierarchy, but of the Bishops, each in his own diocese. Every Catholic lives under a Bishop, beyond the Bishop is the Metropolitan, not the Hierarchy, beyond the Metropolitan, the Pope. If a book is published in Westminster which goes beyond the limits of fair discussion, it belongs to the Archbishop of Westminster to speak, not to the "Hierarchy." Bishops may most usefully meet from time to time to agree upon certain measures, but, unless in the case of Synods, these measures affect each diocese by the authority, not of the Hierarchy, but of the Diocesan. So true is this, that if all the Bishops of the Hierarchy but one were to agree on some disciplinary rule, that rule would certainly not bind in the diocese of the dissentient. To say this is certainly not to minimize the rights of Bishops—it is to defend them. We allow weight, influence, importance, usefulness to any extent to informal assemblies, but we do not allow any new *authority*.

The writer with whom we have to deal adds three more quotations from our article in September, as justifications of the charge that it is meant to attack the Bishops. We shall not examine these in detail, but we must express our simple astonishment that a writer, who in his next page is struck with the impropriety of publishing, without an apology, some passages from a letter in the *Manchester Guardian*, should yet have been so inconsiderate as to make these extracts and send them into the world without adding, what he knows very well—for he has read the article, and given a fair enough account of its contents in his first review—that the extracts which he makes occur in an argument against what is called the Ignatian theory of Church government—a theory which no Catholic can admit as a full explanation of the system of the Church—and that the writer in the MONTH was obliged, if he did justice to his cause, to point out, what all Catholics will admit, that it is an exaggerated statement of the office of Bishops. It must surely be quite obvious to this writer, that, as we have said above, the effect of his quotations—even if they were fair, which they are not—must be to give an impression which he ought to shrink from giving. He says he wants to show that he had grounds for thinking that we might have meant what he now says he believes we did not mean. But he hurls about charges, which, if they were true, would go far to prove that we were bad Catholics. This is the kind of controversy which we call unscrupulous. "No matter what harm you do, crush your opponent." Therefore it is that we are obliged here to use somewhat strong language. We tell this writer that his extracts are exactly as fair, and no more so, as those by which the common run of Protestant controversialists, the men who write against the confessional, or the doctrine of St. Alphonsus, make our moral theolo-

gians teach that lying is no sin, that it is lawful to wish the death of a father, that perjury is no violation of God's law, and a number of other similar enormities. He, we say, has read the article, and if he denies either the truth, or the pertinency to the argument, of the propositions which he cites, without the slightest explanation as to their purpose or context, then let him say so. But if he cannot do this, what are we to think of a man who launches these shreds of an argument upon the world, knowing very well that his readers and our readers are by no means the same, and that neither the article itself, nor any explanation of it, will meet the eyes of many who will believe, on his authority, that we have most wantonly and unnecessarily written sentences which, as they stand in his pages, are certainly very susceptible of the meaning which he desires to attach to them? Does this writer really hold the theory against which we speak, as to the divinely appointed government of the Church? Is he inclined to maintain the propositions against which our sentences are aimed? Does he mean to maintain that the "theory which is founded on the Epistles of St. Ignatius" does *not* require "to be completed and explained by the universal teaching and practice of the Catholic Church?" Does he believe it to be false that as we say "one great primary object of the divinely appointed system of the Church is the preservation of unity in faith and discipline, as well as of mutual charity?" And, in *this* connection—which he has concealed from his readers—does he think it untrue to say that "to consider that each Bishop has an universal mission, identical in its range with that of the Apostles [as conveyed by our Lord's words]"—these last words are left out by him in his citation without the slightest hint to his readers that there is any lacuna therein—"is to suppose that our Lord had provided for the unity and harmony of the government of His Church by a means which is directly calculated to promote division?" Does he not know as well as we do, that when theologians come to consider exhaustively the means which might possibly have been used to secure the unity of the Church, they reject the episcopal theory on the very ground which we have assigned? Let him deny these propositions, and we shall know what to do with the numbers of the *Tablet* in which the denial occurs. They will not be the first numbers of that paper in which the Anglican or Ignatian theory has been maintained as true.⁷ Of course we know perfectly well that this writer does *not* hold the theory of which we speak. Why then does he allow himself, for the sake of making out an apparent case against another Catholic writer, to quote, as if with reprobation, passages which, as he knows far better than most of his readers will ever know, are entirely Catholic in their doctrine, and altogether in their place in the argument from which he has detached them?

⁷ See the Letter of *Pax* in the *Tablet*, October 2, 1875, in which the Anglican theory as to the Episcopate—to which the writer declares that our Lord never instituted "any rival authority"—is maintained in the baldest manner. The writer does really seem to hold that, to be one with the Catholic Church, it is essential and in all cases sufficient to be one with the individual Bishop of the diocese.

We are sorry to say that we must bring a complaint of the same kind against his last extract, the greater part of which consists of the note which he attacked, without questioning its perfect accuracy as to doctrine, two months ago. The complaint we make will become clear when we have simply stated the relation of this passage to its context: The passage is entirely devoted to the explanation which the writer is giving of the difference between Dr. Newman and the Ritualists. But this is concealed by the manner in which it is quoted by the writer in the *Tablet*. One great point of difference is, according to the MONTH, that Dr. Newman never tried his hand at religious orders, which the Ritualists have had to do. The writer says—

Dr. Newman's attempt at the re-Catholicization, if we may forge such a word, of Anglicanism broke down at an early point in the process, and before he had time to find out by experience what all Catholics know, that the life of a particular Church, however well organized on ancient models, however well furnished with orthodox standards of doctrine, cannot be preserved without perfect communion with the whole of Christ's body upon earth through the See of St. Peter, and that the action of that See upon the various members of this one body is continual, energetic, and necessary, not merely for the prevention or correction of occasional evils, but for the healthy and normal condition of the most essential elements of life.

Now again we say, does this writer question the general doctrine here laid down? If he does, we shall know what to do. But if he does not, as we are sure he does not, why does he leave out this statement, and then, having left it out, go on to hold up to reprobation the illustration of the general truth which follows?

Integral and essential parts of the life of the Church everywhere—such for instance as the existence and work of various religious orders—depend on the Holy See for their existence and vitality. They receive their powers directly and immediately from Rome, which withdraws them at the same time from all jurisdiction inferior to its own. Every Catholic understands that if a bishop unfortunately interferes with what is set up by Pontifical authority and depends on Pontifical jurisdiction, he goes beyond his rights, and will be corrected accordingly. But it is a very different thing to defy his authority, and appeal, not to Rome, but to the British public and the newspapers.

Here the citation of the writer of whom we are speaking ends—that is, he leaves out the following sentence which connects this passage with the object of the whole paragraph.

If the Tractarian Movement had proceeded far enough in Dr. Newman's time to reach the organization of religious bodies, it would certainly have found out that the Anglican system, which has no higher authority than that of a bishop, was unequal to cope with the many questions which that organization would have raised. The Ritualists have left their bishops aside in the attempts which they have made in this direction, but instead of being led by their difficulties to a recognition of the true principle of Church government in such matters they have simply set up for themselves, &c.

6.—*The Tablet in November on the MONTH for November.*

We pass on now to the remarks which this writer makes on the article in our last number. He first complains that we have said that his language and temper are Protestant. It is not worth while to

dispute about words, but that is not exactly the account which we should have given of the "language and temper" of which we have seen fresh instances in the passages on which we have just been remarking. We said that Protestants would be disappointed if they expected, in the present case, to see a controversy between Catholics such as they were accustomed to among themselves. What we mean is this: Protestants differ from Catholics in two things, which may turn up in controversy. They care less than we do for internal divisions among themselves, and they care less than we do for imputations of "false doctrine." It follows that a Catholic writer who allows himself to charge another, practically, with fomenting or favouring division, or again, with anything approaching to false doctrine, is so far Protestant in his language and temper. We wrote in hopes that all further display of this temper would be avoided, but we cannot deny that we consider his last set of quotations, eminently unfair as they are, which we have been noticing, to amount very nearly to a charge of false doctrine. At the very least they are calculated to produce the most unfavourable possible impression as to the loyalty of the writers of the MONTH to the established authorities in the Church, and also to throw a charge of little less than want of veracity upon their disclaimer, which the writer professes to believe, of the accusation made against them of such disloyalty. This we certainly do hope is not a Catholic temper.

As to the main argument of the article of the MONTH of November the writer before us has not much to say. His chief object seems to be to meet the remarks which we were obliged to make on a statement of fact by Canon Toole in the *Manchester Guardian*. It is with reference to this subject that he asks pardon of his readers for inserting a letter to which Canon Toole's was an answer, and he blames us for not having noticed and disavowed this letter. But we at least have no commission at all to supervise the whole Press, Catholic and Protestant. We noticed Canon Toole because he furnished us with a convenient instance of a writer whose name had been already made known, and whom we could therefore mention without offence, as putting forward one of the pieces of inadequate doctrine, as we believe them to be, of the kind which made our note of September necessary, and we had no business with the particular occasion to which his letter referred. As a matter of fact, we read the letter signed *Audi alteram Partem* for the first time in the pages of the *Tablet*, and we believe its doctrine to be sound. The writer before us then prints Canon Toole's letter. It is quite obvious that it is no reply at all to our own arguments, to print the letter to some words of which they referred.

But the writer in the *Tablet* then goes on to add, as he thinks to the force of Canon Toole's letter. He says that that worthy Canon might, if he had liked, have added, in refutation of the statements with which he was dealing, the words of Pius the Seventh, when he re-established the Society of Jesus, viz., "that the Jesuits may, with the consent and approbation of the Ordinaries of the places in which they reside, hear

confessions, preach the word of God, and administer the sacraments." We should very much like to know what Canon Toole, for whom we have much respect, thinks of the suggestion of his zealous auxiliary. The Canon's contention is that regulars are subject to the authority of the Bishops in a great many matters,—which no one disputes. And, he adds, "as to the statement that the Jesuits have, *ipso facto*, the power to open colleges wherever they shall be, without an appeal for any episcopal sanction or permission, the fact is precisely the opposite." This is the statement which is to be strengthened by the wise quotation suggested by our friend in the *Tablet*. But it can hardly be an answer to a claim to *teach* without the leave of the Bishops, to quote words of the Pope which give leave to do something else with leave of the Bishops. Yet this is what this sagacious writer suggests to Canon Toole. Moreover we believe that Canon Toole, at least, if he had quoted the words of Pius the Seventh about the hearing of confessions and the like, would not have been so adroit as to leave out the former part of the very sentence of the Pope which he was asked to quote, in which Pius the Seventh gives leave to the Society, "to undertake the instruction of youth in the rudiments of the Catholic religion, and train them in good morals, as also of governing seminaries and colleges," *without* any such qualifying phrase as that which occurs in the part of the sentence about hearing confessions and the other ministerial duties. This would indeed have been another instance of unfair quotation, but we require further evidence before we believe that Canon Toole would have done this.

The question between ourselves and Canon Toole is narrowed by this writer to a question of words. Our contention is that the exemptions of religious are given them for the work for which they are commissioned by the Holy See, and that therefore these exemptions are not sufficiently described in the words of the Canon: "The object of this exemption and subjection (to the Holy See) is that each Religious Order or family may the more easily maintain its rule, and the spirit, uniformity, and consistency of its internal government, and that it may the more easily preserve peace among its members." We maintain that the Religious Orders sometimes receive a commission from the Holy See, and, that they may better discharge its duties, are entirely exempt, within the compass of their commission, from episcopal authority. In such a commission, as for instance, that of education, we say that the Religious Order represents not so much to its own subjects, as to the faithful at large, the immediate authority of the Holy See. We deny that "this exemption is given only as regards their own particular members." The writer who has undertaken the defence of Canon Toole does not, as far as we can make out, question the truth of the doctrine thus laid down. In fact, we have not met throughout this controversy with any such contradiction. He simply says that Canon Toole sufficiently stated the truth in the words which he used. So long as

the doctrine is unquestioned, it is of little use to dispute over the words of a particular writer, but in our opinion Canon Toole's words did not express the doctrine which we have set forth, and which the writer in the *Tablet* does not question. We should like to know whether he means us to understand that Canon Toole's doctrine is identical with ours, or not.

Again, the writer in the *Tablet* has a very curious and enigmatical passage about a certain Brief of Leo the Twelfth, which he speaks of as a "Constitution given to the Society" by that Pontiff in 1826. We believe that these words are not intended to deceive, but their natural effect upon the minds of nine Englishmen out of ten will be to make them suppose that Leo the Twelfth gave the Society a "Constitution" in the same sense as certain modern monarchs, who in various years of the present century have given "Constitutions" to their subjects. The writer must be aware that this impression is a ludicrous misrepresentation. We might as well say that the act of Pius the Ninth in establishing the English Hierarchy was the giving of a "Constitution" to England. Surely words so calculated to mislead should be avoided in serious debate. The reference is to the Brief, *Plura inter*, in which Leo the Twelfth conferred certain privileges on the Society, not on the subject of education, which had not been restored by Pius the Seventh. The questions relating to this subject are certainly intricate, and we shall not now be led to discuss them: but we have the highest possible authority for believing that Canon Toole's interpretation is wrong. The language of the writer in the *Tablet* has thus much of mischief in it, that if it were believed that a Pope really gave a religious body a "Constitution" in the common sense of the words, as understood by Englishmen—and probably therefore by the readers of the *Tablet*—he might certainly be understood as having by that act recalled all arrangements made by his predecessors. What the impression was which this writer intended to produce we must leave it to his conscience to consider. It is enough to say that if he really meant to assert, as most people will probably understand him, that Leo the Twelfth withdrew anything that Pius the Seventh or any other Pope had given, he has made an assertion which any Roman canonist will smile at. No Pope repeals an act of his predecessors without mentioning that he does so. This is quite a sufficient answer to the statement of the writer before us.

Lastly, the writer of whom we have had to say so much, finds fault with us for discussing a "grave question of Canon Law which now lies under appeal to the Sovereign Pontiff, and on which judgment may at any time be pronounced." And he goes on to talk about not being drawn by us into such a discussion. To this we have two very simple words to say in reply. In the first place, we have simply vindicated a truth which was assailed by Canon Toole before it was defended by us, and which it was necessary to vindicate on other grounds also, on account of the many incorrect things which have lately been put in

circulation on the subject. In the second place, it is not correct, as far as we are aware, to say that this question, as to the privilege of the Society of Jesus in particular to open Colleges where it is already legitimately established, is at present before the Holy See for decision. As far as we understand, the question has been raised whether all Regulars may open colleges anywhere, whether they have a church or not. This is a different thing.

And now, in taking our final leave of this writer, we are happy to be able, on one point at least, to express our partial agreement with him. He tells his readers that this controversy has been forced upon him. To this we shall cordially assent, only we shall take the liberty of adding in what, in our opinion, the coercion has consisted. We have already quoted his review on our article, concerning which this controversy has arisen, written and published by him on September 14, 1878. It is self-evident that at that date this controversy had not been forced on him. He had not all these terrible things to say and impute which we have had to answer. What was the next step in the history, after which everything was changed? The next step in the history was his own most deplorable blunder, in imagining and imputing to others designs which they did not avow, a plot to write an article which should pretend to be on one subject, but which should really be on another, to aim at one set of people, but really attack another, to lead up in every page to a note which was to be the climax of all, and then finally to launch this tremendous missive at the heads of the Catholic Bishops of England, while it was pretended only to speak of the poor Ritualists. Well, his imagination turned out ludicrously false, and he had to retract it. Here, we fear, the coercion must have begun. No doubt such a trial is a great one, but it often has to be undergone by those who are so very keen in seeing into the motives of others. We can only regret that at this point a higher compulsion did not come in, to balance the force of that which made it necessary not to retire from a false position. That other compulsion might have come from a sense of the duty incumbent on all Catholic writers, of never forgetting that their opponents, if it be so, are Catholics as well as themselves, and that it is not right to use against them every weapon that comes to hand, whatever mischief it may do. What would be the gain to the Catholic body if the *Tablet* could extinguish the MONTH, or the MONTH destroy the influence of the *Tablet*? We know that controversies must now and then arise—and if they are conducted with courtesy and charity, they are no such great evil. But every Catholic controversialist may, as we think, see a deeper meaning than Virgil intended to convey in the beautiful words which he puts into the mouth of the father of the Roman race—

Neu patriæ validas in viscera vertite vires :
Tuque prior, tu parce, genus qui ducis Olympo,
Projice tela manu, SANGUIS MEUS.

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